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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The calling of a Cabinet Council yesterday has quickened the hope that we are on the eve of peace. Lord Onslow's and Lord Balfour of Burleigh's speeches on Thursday went as near to the admission that in their belief the conflict was over as official caution permitted. The fact that after the big hauls made by the columns in the last week or two no message from Lord Kitchener was published on Monday is in itself of good augury, but the best indication that the Boer leaders mean business is to be found in their movements. A day or two after the meeting had assembled at Vereeniging several Boer generals including Botha, De Wet, and De La Rey went to Pretoria where they have since repeatedly been in conference with Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner. The result of these conferences was apparently communicated to the War Office and Colonial Office on Thursday. Very little information as to the proceedings at Vereeniging has been allowed by the Censor to be telegraphed home; but apparently any hitch that may have occurred in the peace negotiations has come from Mr. Steyn and his friends. The manner in which the Orange River irreconcileables cling to the demand for "independence" is not without its humorous side when we remember how "independence" was forced upon their fathers half a century ago by the British Government.

State shows are, or may be, interesting to see but they are not interesting to read of in the newspapers. A show necessarily is a thing to be seen, and if the description is not good enough to make the thing described an actual spectacle to the eye, it is dull reading, for it appeals to no other sense, and certainly not to intellect. It merely leaves a sense of nothingness, of form without force. One feels it in reading of the Spanish festivities. The really interesting event, the point in the whole business which has reality, is over. The King has taken over the power, the enthronement, the visible sign of the transference, having duly sealed the event. All the rest, one feels, may be taken for granted. The feasts, the functions, the plays, and the bull-fights may be very enjoyable to those who took part in them; but to others they cannot matter much. A bull-fight may provide superb horsemanship; but even so it is not stimulating to read of. We are not grudging the young King a brilliant

"send-off"; far from it; the launch of a ship is a proper occasion for generous display of bunting; but one may be pardoned for thinking more of the passage she has to achieve than of the brave show made by the flags.

Then there is President Loubet in Russia. More shows, more flags, more marchings past and toasting one another in terms of mutual admiration. The Tsar compliments the fine French army; and the President compliments the fine Russian army; and each assures the other that the object of either is constantly adding to his country's military power is solely to preserve peace. Neither the world nor the two allies will be much the wiser for all these protestations, nor, we take it, appreciably easier in their minds. And yet these interchanges of courtesy are not idle; they have their diplomatic uses. They are the statesman's and the diplomatist's appeal to feeling; it is necessary sometimes to move the whole people, also to attract the attention of the world. These functions have also more subtle uses of a personal nature. But only the inner ring in the diplomatic world know of these. It has been suggested, and it is not impossible, that this visit of President Loubet to the Tsar is intended, amongst other things, to counter any false or undesirable impressions that may have been produced by a good deal of talk and a good deal of writing in the Paris press about growing discontent in France at the Russian Alliance. One thing is certain: the French will be uncommonly foolish if they let go that alliance. It may be costly to them but it increases their power in the world indefinitely. And we believe the world on its side is also a gainer by the Dual Alliance.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau is as adroit in the timing of his resignation as in every other move in his political career. He wins a victory at the polls; his success as a parliamentary leader, unequalled since the birth of the Third Republic, is crowned with the confidence of the people. And it is this moment of triumph and power that he chooses for abdication. What self-effacement! what republican simplicity! what putting away of ambition! And then when difficulties of finding a successor arise, when all the other politicians are quarrelling among themselves, how regretfully will everyone look back to Waldeck-Rousseau. And later, when ministries fall and governments cannot be kept together and the old confusion comes on again, how everyone will call for Waldeck-Rousseau. All will say this would not have happened if Waldeck-Rousseau had been here. He will then become the reserve force of French politics, the power to whom the country will always look as the possible saviour, if the worst comes to the worst. He will become an idea, and

will ever grow as a public hero; the man who gave up power when everything was before him, the one man who has not failed. Should he, after due and decent retirement, choose to emerge again into public life, M. Waldeck-Rousseau will have very good opportunities of making himself a dictator. In the meantime all the national causes, for which he has professed such deep attachment, must suffer. That need not concern foreigners much, so long as M. Delcassé remains at the Foreign Office. It is to be hoped that no combination of circumstances will remove him from the Foreign Office to the Ministry of the Interior.

Among the accomplishments of the German Emperor must be numbered the rare gift of ability to see himself as others see him. He has however the advantage of intimacy of knowledge which enables him to disprove people's fears or justify their hopes as his conscience may dictate. His speech to the Alsace-Lorraine Committee, acknowledging their thanks for the abolition of the dictator paragraphs, was a disclosure of motives such as monarchs are seldom in a position to make. At his accession he was aware that he was mistrusted not only in other countries but by the federal allies of Prussia. He had two things to do: one to win the confidence of the North German States; the other to convince Europe that he was not a firebrand eager for "the laurels of victorious war". He could not abandon the rôle of dictator in Alsace-Lorraine without causing serious misgiving throughout Germany; and time only could prove that he was keen to make Germany a powerful factor in the cause of peace. When we remember his mistakes, the Kruger telegram to wit, this little essay in self-revelation enables us to understand the curb he has found it necessary to put upon his emotions and prepossessions.

To the Emperor's brother, who returned to the fleet at Kingstown on Wednesday, Ireland in some ways may well have been a somewhat refreshing experience after the United States. At any rate he cannot have been much pestered in Ireland by the toadies—who, so far as the great mass of the people are concerned, are as rare in that land as the snake is said to be. There may be something odd in the idea of the "mailed fist" taking part in a game of polo, yet we imagine Prince Henry would not have missed that game for a good deal. True, he is not a great performer: but he cut a distinctly good figure on horseback—which is supposed to be a feat in a sailor—and to be encouraged by such friendly exclamations as "Go it Prince!" must have had the charm of novelty for him. It is a pity, however, that only one of the players really stood up to him in the game.

The Cuban Republic was formally inaugurated on Tuesday, and the reins of government handed over by General Wood to President Palma. Never perhaps was a republic born in less auspicious circumstances, and the one question asked on all hands is how long will it last? It is not necessarily a guarantee of stability that the leading agitator who found an asylum in the United States on the outbreak of the last Cuban rebellion is made the first president. Much has been said in praise of American good faith in handing over the island to the Cubans in accordance with the undertaking. But is American good faith so exceptional a quality that it must needs thus be trumpeted forth? What of the Philippines? When American action in regard to Cuba is contrasted with the continuance of British control in Egypt, two wholly different cases are confused. Cuba is at the very doors of the United States and American suzerainty will be enforced without fear of foreign intrigue. No one is waiting to take advantage of the withdrawal of the Americans. America is therefore perfectly safe in retiring nominally until such time as the Cubans have proved to the satisfaction of Washington that it is imperative to resume direct control of the island. Even if the Cubans are capable of governing themselves, they will want immediate financial and fiscal assistance which the United States Congress persists in refusing.

The press, and the press in this faithfully reflects the public, shows how very soon we can all so far forget

the unthinkable ruin of S. Pierre and S. Vincent as to attend to matters of a comparatively trifling character. Why S. Pierre is scarcely "leaded" to-day; it is Pretoria instead. No doubt it is well that it should be so. For by dwelling excessively on such disaster we might be too much disposed to neglect the dull round of small duties that make up life—scorning these in the dangerous spirit of "What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns?" Martinique and S. Vincent have been living a life of panic since the disaster occurred, and small wonder considering that La Soufrière was in eruption again on Saturday and Sunday, whilst from Mont Pelée on Monday and Tuesday a great flow of lava overthrew the remaining houses in the town and destroyed the bridges. Kingston has been in a frenzied state, every hour expecting a catastrophe. The faint line that so often divides the tragic from the comic disappeared altogether when the people, fearing that the sleeping crater of Enham Mountain was awaking, sent out a policeman to discover the true state of things.

State discontent in Australia with the federal régime, to which the resignation of Lord Hopetoun is directly due, has been further manifested at a conference of premiers in Sydney. The mere action of the premiers in calling a meeting to discuss general questions was little better than an open proclamation of hostility to the Commonwealth, of which further proof was afforded by their efforts to shift new responsibilities on to the Federal Government. For instance, the railways belong to the States, and the premiers have decided to call upon the central authorities to pay for the movement of troops for defence purposes. The idea is pettifogging and provincial. When Federation was agreed upon, it was understood that the States would at once proceed to reduce the number of members and ministers in the local legislatures. In only one State has this been done, and the unwillingness to move in the matter constitutes an unpleasant commentary on the system of payment of members. The excess of expenditure on the local parliaments would have more than met the extra needs of the governor with two establishments to maintain. A popular movement is said to have been started to induce Lord Hopetoun to remain. Its success would show how badly Australia is served by her politicians.

India, having taken a line of her own in the matter of the sugar duties, seems likely further to develop the sound policy she adopted in 1898. The past year has yielded a large revenue—37 lakhs—from countervailing duties on beet sugar but the main object of the measure, which was not to produce revenue but to save an important indigenous industry from the unfair and ruinous competition of bounty-fed imports, is still seriously imperilled. The reason is that the Customs duties were framed to countervail only direct State bounties and took no account of the large indirect bounties enjoyed by Continental sugars under the Surtax and Cartel systems. The Brussels Conference has disclosed the importance of these advantages and its result moreover promises fresh activity in an undesirable direction. India is still one of the few markets on which existing stocks of foreign sugars can be unloaded before the present bounties come under the razor. Unless the Indian Government brings the indirect bounties within the operation of the countervailing duties, the country will be flooded for the next eighteen months with sugar sold below cost price. Hence no doubt the Tariff Amendment Bill now before the Council at Simla. But why the low forecast of 24 lakhs from countervailing duties in the Budget for the current year?

Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham last week was very interesting and stirring in its latter part, when he forgot Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and raised his thoughts to "the transcendent possibilities of a federation of the British race". The earlier portions of the speech were chiefly of the hammer and tongs sort, and there is no doubt that he did make great play with Lord Rosebery and the now notorious preface to the speeches published by the Liberal League. He was

merciless. Whether he was wise to receive the repentant sinner with sneers and girdings is another matter. We are inclined to think that Mr. Chamberlain over-stated the eagerness of the Opposition to take every opportunity to undermine the Unionist alliance, and the live danger of Home Rule. We see, to use the phrase of Langrishe, no such "acrimonious unanimity" among the Liberals: they seem chiefly bent on undermining each other. That party is in danger of being eaten by its own hounds.

It was kind of Mr. Balfour to take seriously Mr. Winston Churchill's letter on national expenditure; and still kinder to give him a very frank rebuke. If it is filial piety that makes Mr. Churchill adopt the cry of retrenchment, such piety is of course delightful; but really the son should remember that the force of a cry depends a great deal from whom it comes. He does not owe it to his father's memory to tackle matters entirely beyond him. The cold neglectful reception given to Mr. Churchill's latest speech in the House ought to have taught him something. Possibly, indeed, it has; for it is fair to him to say that his letter antedated his speech. National expenditure is a big matter and retrenchment is a big word, but nothing is achieved by harping upon it out of due season. Mr. Balfour showed with convincing clearness that the committee proposed would have no effect in keeping down expenditure, and indeed could not be dovetailed into the Cabinet system. Nor is it so much extravagance that swells expenditure; it is not the desire to spend much that causes much to be misspent; it is rather antiquated methods and the impulse of the official machine. Another cause of bad economy is the very institution charged with checking expenditure—the niggardly spirit of the Treasury. Moreover it must be remembered that the State now does many things, and will do more, that it did not do in the past; and therefore necessarily it tends to spend continually more. Expenditure is by itself no criterion of economy.

The reported refusal of the White Star shareholders to sanction the Morgan agreement appears unfortunately to have been the veriest myth. Mrs. Ismay's qualms, if they really existed, were not sufficiently serious to jeopardise the provisional arrangement, and the patriotism of the shareholders was not proof against the prospective profit of the big deal. Various rumours are afloat as to the intentions of the Government, and at least one hopeful sign that the Empire will not take the blow to its business and prestige without retaliation comes from Canada. The warning of the "Times" Vienna correspondent that England should not be misled by German comments on the "Combine" is in itself calculated only to mislead. Germany, we are told, is exploiting English apprehensions with a view to sowing distrust and jealousy between England and the United States. England's hostility to the "Combine" will cause, we are assured, a breach "in the very stronghold of Anglo-American friendship—namely in the American world of business". Since when has the business world of America shown its solicitude for British friendship? Was it embodied in the McKinley tariff? Mr. J. Lawrence in his letters to the "Times" shows a much more correct appreciation of the true inwardness of the much flaunted "friendly commercial partnership". When absorption of a part and competition with the remainder becomes partnership, the Shipping Trust may be so described.

The President and Secretary of the Operative Bricklayers' Society, Newcastle-on-Tyne, have written a joint letter to the "Times" dealing with the wholesale charges of shirking fair work which have been made against trade unionism generally and in particular against the unions of bricklayers. It is a sensible and honest letter and should be useful to those who are willing to take an unbiassed view of the question. The writers deny absolutely that either by written or unwritten rules, or by tacit recognition or encouragement by their society, is there any policy of restricting the quantity of work per day; and they assert that it recognises and maintains the right of any employer to discharge any man who, he considers, is not doing a fair day's work for his wages.

If the bona fides of this letter is granted then, as far as this particular trade is concerned, and very probably the same remark will apply to the rest, the public has all the material on which it is competent to form an opinion. The controversy becomes a technical trade matter between employers and trade unions which must be settled as other questions of labour are settled. There is no definite quantity of bricks nor anything else that is a priori a fair day's tale of work. It all depends on circumstances of which outsiders are no more able to judge than of any other work in which they are not experts. But the writers of this letter deny that there is a maximum of any class of work beyond which workmen may not go. They also point out that complaints very similar to those now made were brought against bricklayers as long ago as 1867. We have not the slightest doubt that they were made centuries further back. It reminds us of the story of the man who complained that "Punch" was not what it used to be, and the answer that he got: "No! It never was".

The Co-operators who have been holding their annual Congress at Exeter must have laughed when Mr. W. C. Steadman, the chairman of the parliamentary committee of the Trades Union Congress, informed them that the liberties of the people were being sapped by the present Government. This was apropos of the Education Bill. Imagine an army little short of two millions, banded together for social reforms and social equality, according to the speech of the President of the Congress, being the victims of such a tyranny. Moreover this army has accumulated "vast hoards of capital": and its aims are to substitute co-operative capital for ordinary competitive capital in production and distribution. Every year its wealth and operations increase, and it prides itself on the influence it is able to bring to bear on all important public questions. Many of its members are also members of Trades Unions and of Friendly Societies, and all these bodies are of importance not merely because they buy their goods cheaper than they otherwise would, or get better wages, or encourage private thrift and prudence, but because in their corporate capacity they wield an immense power in politics and all their members have votes. Mr. Steadman should not have talked his nonsense to such men as these. He might have remembered that we have quite enough of the same sort about Trades Unions. It was pleasant to hear an Irish delegate wax enthusiastic over the success of the agricultural co-operative movement in Ireland.

"Father" Dolling's funeral (few men have been so truly a father to so many) was a fitting memorial to his noble life. That life may be commended to those who have doubts whether the efficacy of Christianity is not waning, whether the reign of Christ in the heart of man is not over. We doubt whether a true parallel to such a life could be found in any age of the world in one that was not a Christian. The personality of the man was much, of course, but there was more behind it. His influence over the very people whom in England the clergy of all the churches find it most difficult to reach is a testimony to Dolling's character, which even malignant ecclesiastical opponents cannot gainsay. The Bishop of London and the Bishop of Stepney were in their right place at the funeral and by the grave-side of such a man. His life and work shrivel into miserable ashes the ritual controversies that hissed around him.

The Dean of Winchester in a letter to the "Times" adopts the settlement of the religious difficulty in elementary schools which we have always advocated. Let there be religious teaching in all elementary schools according to the denomination to which the children's parents belong. That is the only final settlement; and, once that is secured, the schools might well be unified on a single state system. Mr. Athelstan Riley in another letter gives some interesting experience showing that this plan is workable.

A most interesting report has been issued by the Board of Trade on the consumption of tea during the years 1898, 1899 and 1900 in the chief European

countries and the United States. It shows that we drink more tea in England, Ireland and Scotland than all the other European countries and America put together. Our average is now no less than 6 lbs. per head of the population. Most of the tea we drink comes from British India and Ceylon. The China trade, we notice, has almost died, though doctors often recommend China tea to invalids and people with bad digestions in preference to Indian. The spread of tea-drinking among all classes and at all hours has been most noticeable during the last twenty years or so. Afternoon tea has become an institution in the very smoking and billiard rooms of the London clubs. No doubt to the habit many will attribute the weak nerves and the indigestion that are fashionable complaints to-day: but as a matter of fact the present custom of sipping hot water before going to bed, which doctors prescribe as a cure for indigestion, is but derived from the much older custom of sipping hot freshly made tea for the same complaint.

The opening of the cricket season this year should be a record for dismalness. It is a new experience for the first eleven matches of the year to be played without a single one being brought to a definite issue. That was the situation up to a week ago, though it is hardly to be wondered at when we hear of games being interrupted by snowstorms. This special distinction belonged to the North, but rain was everywhere and the prospects for the earlier test matches are not bright. During this week half a dozen matches have been won and lost, but true form is impossible between showers. Derbyshire is the only county that has done anything out of the common so far, having actually won a match for the first time since July 1900. The Australians have already demonstrated that they will be hard to beat. Despite the comparative failure of some of their best batsmen, and the absence, through accident, of perhaps their cleverest bowler, they have defeated Notts, Surrey and Leicestershire decisively. Cambridge University should be a good side.

After a very vulgar wrangle and the use of plenty of bargee English the Battersea Council on Wednesday night declined by a majority of one to present a Coronation address to the King. There is no doubt that the Progressives, who defeated the proposal for the third time, had a vague idea that thereby they were showing themselves true democrats. The delusion that bad language and worse form are indispensable as an earnest of democracy is extremely deep-seated in ignorant men, though sometimes as a quaint variant rough clothes and even a certain amount of dirt are preferred. Very likely indeed there are some who affect sans-culottism and the style of Marat (who flourished till he took a bath) among the boobies and bounders of Battersea. We hope we are right in assuming that Mr. John Burns treats these constituents of his with contempt.

The Bank returns for Thursday disclosed no very important changes in the figures beyond the liquidation of the market indebtedness to the extent of £1,196,100, further reflected in the decrease in other deposits of £1,609,680. A demand for gold in connexion with the holidays resulted in a diminution in the coin and bullion of £316,480 whilst £14,000 was received from abroad. The resultant of the various changes was a slight addition of £6,400 to the total reserve and an increase in the proportion of 1·17 per cent. to 48·11 per cent. The past week has seen great buoyancy throughout the Stock Exchange and the premier security has touched the highest point reached during the current year. Home railways have been firm and American rails have maintained their position, with a strong feature in Canadian Pacifics. The South African mining market has been very excited and the list throughout has shown marked improvement, properties in the Eastern section of the Rand having been particularly prominent. Although the tone in the remaining markets has been somewhat better in sympathy, there has been no feature. Consols 96. Bank Rate 3 per cent. (6 February, 1902.)

#### MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON PREFERENTIAL TARIFFS.

WE are not surprised that the peroration of Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham, which dealt with a preferential tariff for our colonies, should have caused rage and consternation in certain quarters, by no means confined to the Radical camp. Politicians and publicists who have turned the "cap de quarantaine" are confronted by a sufficiently dismal prospect—nothing less than that of unlearning the political economy of their youth. Political economy, somewhat unkindly described by Mr. Chamberlain as "economic pedantry", is a study which, like Greek and mathematics, we take to only in our younger years, when the power of concentration is easily exercised, and before the business of the world has laid hold of us. The gentlemen who make speeches and write leading articles mastered the doctrine and practice of free imports a long time ago, probably in the interval between their university degree and their entrance into Parliament, or their call to the Bar, or their employment on the press. It is not a difficult theory to master: indeed its extreme simplicity as preached by Bright and Cobden in the forties was one of the secrets of its success. We consumed more corn than we produced, and we produced more manufactures than we consumed. If therefore we abolish the tax on the foreigner's corn, the foreigner will abolish the taxes on our manufactures, and we shall thus get cheaper bread and an open market for our cotton and woollen goods. Thus argued Bright and Cobden, believing in the sweet reasonableness of the foreigner. And at first the policy was brilliantly successful, for we got cheaper bread, and we had such a complete mastery of the markets for manufactured goods that even where duties were imposed against us we were able to make the foreign consumer pay them by raising our prices. Such was our superiority as manufacturers that we laughed at tariffs: buy our goods the foreigners must. This was the political economy and its results which elderly persons like Sir William Harcourt and the "Spectator" carefully got up at the enthusiastic age and retailed to listeners and readers with as little opposition as the person meets in the pulpit. But now there comes along a pushful, bustling statesman like Mr. Chamberlain, who uses these words: "If by adherence to economic pedantry, to old shibboleths, we are to lose opportunities of closer union which are offered us by our colonies, if we are to put aside occasions now within our grasp, if we do not take every chance in our power to keep British trade in British hands, I am certain that we shall deserve the disasters which will come upon us". This sentence, taken in conjunction with the speeches of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, means a preferential tariff for the colonies, or it means nothing. And so Sir William Harcourt and the "Spectator" will have to go to school again, and learn from the Richard Seddons and the Wilfrid Lauriers. It is very hard, especially as the whole subject will have to be re-opened, involving elaborate calculations, and laborious comparison of tariffs, and some knowledge of the actual condition of our industries. So that tags from Bastiat and Stuart Mill will avail our peppery dogmatists less than nothing. It is all very upsetting; but events have a cruel way of disregarding the comfort of the mugwumps of the platform and the press.

Events and the men of events are against the superior persons, who persist in munching the remainder biscuit of "a creed outworn". The colonies have helped us in the war, and the colonies desire an imperial tariff, as we shall discover in a few weeks. Mr. Rhodes, who knew as little of books on political economy as of the Greek dramatists, was fond of saying that the man who would devote himself to the question of colonial tariffs would make his fortune as a politician. Mr. Chamberlain, whether he took the hint from Mr. Rhodes or not, is perfectly aware that this is the question of the hour, and Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Chamberlain are the two greatest men of action amongst politicians that have appeared in the last forty years. Nor must it be supposed that it is only the events of the last few years that have made against the system of free imports and taxed exports. Indeed the triumph of Cobdenism was

short-lived, for within twenty years Cobden was one of the first and most illustrious converts to reciprocity, which is logically incompatible with the gospel as preached by the Corn Law leaguers. Cobden spent two or three years in negotiating a commercial treaty with France upon the common-sense basis of tit-for-tat. If it be right to make a tit-for-tat tariff with France, it must be right to make the same with other countries, and if with other countries then a fortiori with our own colonies. A preferential tariff is in truth the only means at our disposal of repaying the colonies the obligation under which they have laid us by their behaviour during the war. Canada wants to send us timber and wheat: Australia hides and wool. If we can give Canadian timber an advantage over Norwegian, and Canadian corn an advantage over Russian, why should we not? If we wish to give Australia the preference to Argentina in the matter of hides and wool, who shall say us nay? Whether or no this would entail any pecuniary sacrifice upon our trade remains to be seen. But assuming that it would, has it come to this that England is unwilling to risk any pecuniary loss for the sake of uniting the Empire? After all what have we gained by admitting the goods of the foreigner free? We have made money certainly; but it is an open question whether we should not have grown still richer under a tariff policy. The United States have not done so badly under a protective system—£20,000,000 or so annually to throw away upon the pensioners of the Civil War, who mysteriously grow in numbers as that event recedes into the background of history. It is true that our soil cannot be compared in area with that of the United States. But on our side we have countervailing advantages, such as comparative cheapness of labour. Have we gained anything politically by free imports? According to our statesmen Great Britain was never more hated and envied by her neighbours than at present. Long after one-sided Free-trade was perceived to be economically indefensible it was defended by arguments purely political. It was worth our while, so we were told, to lose our supremacy in market after market in the East, and to flood the home market with foreign goods, because by so doing we should keep our Continental customers sweet. Have we succeeded in doing so? The German Emperor is our real friend, and should he be able to keep the national sentiment in check, we have probably nothing to fear during his life from that quarter. But Lord Salisbury has more than once warned us that no sovereign, however despotic, can repress the sentiment of a nation beyond a certain point. Putting aside the personality of the Kaiser, on which it would be imprudent to reckon permanently, who does not know that Germany, France and Russia are only waiting for their opportunity to jump on England? As Mr. Chamberlain finely declared, we must rely upon ourselves alone, upon Great Britain and her colonies. Men are beginning to see that there is no fiscal or political reason why we should derive a large portion of our Customs revenue from taxing commodities which we cannot produce ourselves, such as tea, but which our colonies do produce, while we allow the foreign producer to enrich himself at the expense of our own people. Whether an import duty is paid by the foreign producer or the home consumer is a nice question, and depends upon the circumstances of each case. When the foreigner has command of a market, that is, when we must have his goods, it is obvious that he simply adds the duty to the price, which the consumer pays. When the foreigner runs neck and neck in the market with the native producer, it is equally obvious that the foreigner must pay the duty or retire from the market. When a foreign article, to take the third and most common case, enjoys slight superiority in the home market, the duty is practically divided between the producer and the consumer, the price advancing, but not to the full amount of duty, the foreign and the native producer being thus placed upon an equality. Mr. Chamberlain, we were glad to see, adduced another very potent argument in favour of widening the area of indirect taxation. Of the 78 millions contributed to the cost of the war out of revenue, 40 millions was paid by

direct, and 38 millions by indirect taxation. Seeing that the class which pays direct taxes is a very small section of the community, and that it also pays a large proportion of the indirect taxes, (for it is needless to point out that the consumption of the army of domestic servants is paid by their employers), this is a glaringly unfair distribution of burdens. The tariff policy of the Empire has never been fairly argued in the country. It was argued sixty years ago by the Corn Law League, from their point of view. Their case was answered by Disraeli in the House of Commons, unsuccessfully. The whirligig of time has brought round another opportunity of settling our taxation upon a just and imperial basis. Mr. Chamberlain tells us that he is ready to undertake the task, and we wish him success in his emprise.

#### CUBA UNDER THE AMERICAN AEGIS.

AMERICANS have such a genius for self-deception that the fundamental hypocrisy of last Tuesday's ceremony at Havana may really have escaped them. They claim to have carried out all the pledges of 1898. Cuba, we are officially assured, is now a free and independent Republic and Americans are quite frankly lost in admiration of their own faithfulness and magnanimity. President Roosevelt has already discounted the rhapsodies of his 4 July oration in portraying the full unselfishness of the sacrifice; and the world, always curiously apt to take Americans at their own valuation, is more than half inclined to believe that something very fine and generous has actually happened. The facts are much less one-sided. It is true that the American troops and officials have been withdrawn, the American flag hauled down, and a republic of sorts inaugurated. But it is not true that the republic is independent even in the management of its internal affairs, while so far as foreign relations go, it is undisguisedly under the thumb of Washington. The republic has been obliged to cede naval and coaling stations to the United States; it has no power to declare war without American consent; it may not add to the Cuban debt without permission; even its control over the island treasury is subject to supervision. Moreover the United States retains a most elastic right of intervention, "for the preservation of Cuban independence and the maintenance of a Government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty". This is hardly the "free and independent" Cuba of which Congress was speaking four years ago, the Cuba over which the United States "disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control". Americans in short have given up nothing of political value. Their authority, instead of being direct, is now indirect, and that is all. With the minimum of sacrifice they have contrived to win the maximum of applause. The skill of the performance may be admired, but there is no generosity in it, and even less policy. The restrictive provisions place Cuba very much where the Transvaal was after the London Convention; and it will only need the advent of the inevitable guerilla chief to make the relationship as intolerable in the West Indies as it proved in South Africa. No such provisions would have been needed, had the independence of Cuba been honestly aimed at. They are at once a confession of the permanence of American control and a hint to Europe of what the Monroe Doctrine really is when applied to a concrete case.

Cuba supplies us with the formula of American expansion in the West Indies and South America. It offers, too, not a few data for a judgment on Americans as practical empire-builders. Where it is a matter of a road to be cut, a school built, or a fever-den like Havana cleaned out, the Americans do capitally. For the elementary mechanics of colonisation they have a decided aptitude. A call upon their energy or upon their easy turn for organisation is not made in vain. More than one city in Cuba they have virtually rebuilt; yellow fever they have scrubbed out of existence; and under the Stars and Stripes soap and sanitation have reached all corners of the island. But on the strength of this

to speak of Governor-General Wood as a second Lord Cromer is sheer puerility. Lord Cromer is a statesman as well as an administrator. Governor-General Wood has shown himself a superior medical and school inspector, who was simply doing on a rather large scale the work of an ordinary health officer. The work was well done, but only Americans would speak of it as the beginning and end of government. They are the more inclined to exalt it as in other branches their success is less patent. They have not, for instance, the art of winning popularity or even respect. Neither Spaniards nor Cubans profess to regret their departure. And in the bigger issues that require statesmanship they fail yet more signally. Two oddly joined qualities will always, we suspect, prevent Americans from succeeding as makers of empires—their altruism and their selfishness. Their altruism takes mainly the form of a proselytising crusade to spread the "American idea". They quite seriously believe that if only you build enough schools, and organise "primaries" and "conventions" and "electoral colleges", and have a written Constitution, and read the Declaration of Independence once a day, you are, politically speaking, saved. All these blessings they have showered upon the Cubans in spite of eighty years' experience of Spanish-America to show what results they bring. Four years ago the Cubans were blowing up Spanish trains with dynamite; to-day they are thought fit for self-government. Only Americans could have such confidence that history will not repeat itself.

But if their blundering altruism may claim to be a racial trait, the selfishness they have shown towards Cuba is something solely American. From Congress, of course, no sense of empire is to be expected; a rampant provincialism is the condition of its being. But there was a degree of indifference to large issues of which even Congress went unsuspected until the question of Cuban reciprocity came before it. The United States is the obvious, almost the only, market for Cuban sugar and tobacco, and every American knows that Cuban prosperity depends on a reduction of the duties on these two products. The reduction was promised, and Cuba in blind faith accepted in return all the political restrictions on her freedom imposed by Washington. Congress was thus doubly bound to provide substantial and immediate relief. But though Americans are willing to have an empire, they are not willing to sacrifice anything for it. The sugar and tobacco "interests", terrified at the thought of Cuban competition, formed an able and powerful lobby, defied the President, bullied the Republican party, and finally triumphed. Even in American history there has been no more scandalous transaction, and yet it only emphasises what was well known before—that Americans cannot govern. The Reconstruction Period in the Southern States proved this, the tale of American dealings with the Indians proves it, Alaska proves it, all the authentic news from the Philippines proves it. And now Congress has just put it on record that Cuba is to be ruled not in the interests of Cubans but in the interests of Americans, or at least of such Americans as grow sugar and tobacco—just as though there had never been an American Revolution. And this is symptomatic of the extravagant and complicated muddle the United States is destined to make of her entire venture in Weltpolitik.

#### THE RESIGNATION OF THE WALDECK-ROUSSEAU MINISTRY.

IF M. Waldeck-Rousseau has not startled Europe by his resignation, he has at least interested it. So many indications had already been given as to the intentions of the ministry that there has been little surprise when the world learned the truth. Both the manner and the occasion of the announcement have been so arranged that, in spite of the President's Russian visit, M. Waldeck-Rousseau succeeds in dividing with him the interest of France and the world. This is no slight achievement and shows that the Premier has no intention of allowing himself to be effaced even though he retires for a time from the stage where he has so long been the conspicuous figure. He has with great foresight so timed matters that, apart from his own

personality, a hundred speculations as to the grounds of his action present themselves to the public mind. The situation is, indeed, quite unprecedented. As we recently pointed out, for the first time under the parliamentary Republic a ministry with a solid majority at its back, a ministry which has held office for a period unexampled in French parliamentary history, has appealed to the country, and has been returned with another sweeping majority. Now it refuses to meet the Chamber returned to support it. This also is quite contrary to French precedent, for hitherto the ministry has always clung to office until ejected by the new Chamber. Altogether M. Waldeck-Rousseau has supplied a most appetising subject for the Parisian press, and the toasts of Peterhof and even the review by that "bon bourgeois", M. Loubet, of a regiment of giants cannot compete in theatrical significance with the announcement in Wednesday's "Temps". Indeed the proceedings in Russia have been pretty well discounted beforehand. After the joint declaration which followed the announcement of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance there was not much that Europe could learn. Although the discontent which was so loudly expressed in the French press at the time of the Tsar's visit last September does not make itself heard again, it is surely significant of much that a striking relaxation of the régime in Alsace-Lorraine almost coincides with the celebrations in Russia. This points steadily to the destruction of the hopes which the more militant (if not patriotic) Frenchmen built upon the Russian alliance. Year by year "la revanche" fades away into the limbo of vanity, the new generation in the conquered provinces becomes steadily Germanised, and a prosperity unknown before both in Strasburg and Metz steadily saps the tradition of attachment to France. As an alternative the disappointed patriot has held out to him the chance of "dying for Manchuria". But as a matter of fact what maintains the popularity of the Russian alliance in France is firstly the fact that it has immensely increased her prestige in the world and secondly that, as now interpreted, it makes most strongly for peace in Europe. No one who has mingled freely with the middle-class and peasantry in provincial France can have failed to observe the rapid growth of a hatred of war. It is a common thing to hear suggestions as to the recovery of the lost provinces scouted as visionary and undesirable. Such feelings may always have been to a large extent latent but under the ministry of M. Waldeck-Rousseau it has become evident that Paris no longer, as it was used to do, gives the law to France. That ministry has been popular because it has successfully resisted political disturbance at home and at the same time has maintained the dignity of France abroad.

We have never concealed our opinion of the political morality practised by M. Waldeck-Rousseau and we have never hesitated to express our resentment at his attitude towards the Church and the problem of education. Having kept his majority together by arts which we characterised at the time he leaves to others the more invidious task of carrying out the measures of persecution which he has placed on the Statute Book. If he has preserved the Republic, as his admirers are never tired of assuring us, he has done it by proving conclusively that French Liberalism has ceased to exist. A Liberal Republic cannot in reality exist in France for any period which counts in history: she will only tolerate a veiled autocracy, and M. Waldeck-Rousseau has been the first successful parliamentary autocrat. That is why his disappearance in the full tide of victory is at once so dramatic and so well calculated to maintain popular interest in the principal performer.

It is quite true that a large number of his colleagues have succeeded in making themselves impossible in a renewed ministry. That the ministry as at present constituted should have remained in office so long with so many accumulated causes for individual unpopularity is again a tribute to the skill of the chief, but it was clearly not impossible that he should have gathered round him others who would have shown themselves equally efficient. It may be that the socialist element would have insisted on being eliminated, but that was not the idea of M. Millerand, who distinctly

declared himself ready to take office again. The Socialists have indeed suffered at the recent ballots and for the majority of French electors the socialist bogey still has terrors even as in the days when it frightened the middle classes into the arms of the Third Napoleon. But, as Mr. Bodley has made clear, parliamentary socialism need have no terrors for France, and if M. Waldeck-Rousseau has been unfortunate in some of his colleagues, he has been supremely lucky in one, and he the most important. M. Delcassé has certainly in Europe, and probably in France, done more to recommend the ministry in the eyes of sensible men than the Prime Minister himself. The reception accorded him in Russia is significant of much. Without indulging in any sensational adventures he has re-established a good understanding with Italy, a feat that under his predecessors seemed well nigh impossible, and we have only to compare our own relations with France to-day with their position five years ago to measure the distance traversed during a period of sound statesmanship and common sense. The whole civilised world will hope to see M. Delcassé retain his present post under whatever chief M. Loubet may give him.

It will be interesting to see what the opponents of the present ministry have to offer the new Chamber by way of an alternative policy. The advent of M. Doumer is looked upon as likely to inaugurate a new and more active departure in Far Eastern policy. So long as M. Delcassé remains at the Quai d'Orsay we do not anticipate any very striking departure in Siam, though, as we indicated a fortnight ago, French pressure upon us in Siam will probably coincide with Russian excursions and alarms on the Afghan and Persian borders; but we may repeat what we said then, that such developments depend much more upon our own state of readiness than the designs of our rivals. In the present cordial relations between the two allies, no movement is likely on the part of France unsanctioned by Russia, and that will not be controlled by French "Nationalist" opinion. In home affairs the Nationalist programme is obscure in the extreme; with the departure of the Premier it would seem to be at an end.

As for M. Waldeck-Rousseau himself, we do not find that any very recondite reasons need be sought to explain his retirement. The state of his health is a ground no doubt for an immediate release from the cares of office, his own future is an equally valid one. He quits the scene with the prestige of an immense success. He found the parliamentary Republic tottering, he leaves it as strong as a large parliamentary majority can make it. Having retained his own position intact by the initiation of some very dubious legislation, he leaves to his successor the odious duty of seeing that it is enforced. Meanwhile he himself can maintain the enviable position of the strong man in reserve. Unlike M. Constans, a previous "saviour of the Republic", he will not be relegated to a distant embassy but will remain on the spot to watch events. His friends need not fear that his undoubted talents for Cæsarism will be lost to his country.

#### TRADE RESULTS OF THE SHIPPING TRUST.

THERE is manifest in some quarters a tendency to pooh-pooh the North Atlantic "Combine" as a trumpery transaction involving only a minute proportion of our merchant tonnage. So too no doubt would Antonio's pound of flesh cut off "nearest his heart" have been no great loss to the whole body. Such reasoners we may easily dismiss, but there is a more specious sort, akin to those who hold with Mr. Carnegie that "it's only dividends that count", and they deride the public anger at the loss of prestige as mere sentiment. After all, we are told, the ships will still ply across the Atlantic, the combination will be able to regulate the traffic, perhaps we may soon have a daily service, the economies of amalgamation will permit of cheaper fares and lower freights. Why then trouble? Everything is for the best in the best of commercial worlds. Here is an issue clearly joined. Let us try to ascertain what damage the "Combine" can do to British

trade. First, for the sake of common honesty, we will put aside all pretence of regarding Mr. Morgan's company as a British concern. It is controlled by American capital and will be run to suit American aims. If it ever should be desired to make it thoroughly American that can at any time be done by one of those processes of stock conversion which are so common in the States, such as that now being operated in the Steel Trust.

First of all we note that the agreement with the German companies establishes the latter firmly for twenty years in the position which by keen competition they have secured in British trade. Germany is our most serious maritime competitor and has increased the proportion of her trade done by her own ships from 42.4 per cent. in 1895 to 47.5 per cent. in 1899. In the former year 38.7 per cent. of Germany's trade was done by British vessels, in the latter only 29.9. It might have been possible in the fierce rivalry for freights that is approaching with the end of the war to recover some of our lost position, but the Anglo-American members of the Trust bind themselves not only not to compete with the German lines but to support them against competitors and to assist them by the chartering of steamers in cases of emergency. British attempts to regain the German trade are thus barred from the beginning. In return we have not even the mild consolation of knowing that the Germans will make no further inroads into our territory, for they only undertake not to extend their present service from England "beyond a certain limit" and after ten years the agreement is subject to revision. Amid all the disclosures, true and false, made by the official defenders of the Trust we should like to have some information about this limit. We may be perfectly certain that Mr. Morgan will raise no objection to further annexations of British trade, so long as his own lines are not damned—he would appear to be bound even to assist in the operation.

We have been abundantly assured that the maritime combination is a necessary consequence of the organisation of American railway traffic in order to co-ordinate the whole of the export business of the United States. This sounds harmless, but when we get down to facts we find that Mr. Morgan and his associates own half the railway capital, two-thirds of the trust capital, and one-tenth of the bank capital in the States. To the vast mass of interests which circle round that small group of men the export trade of America is of the keenest importance. Witness after witness before the United States Industrial Commission asserted that the greatest barrier to the development of foreign trade was the lack of a mercantile marine. Mr. Schwab, the President of the Steel Trust, said: "One of the chief difficulties of an extensive foreign business is the lack of American shipping. You can easily see that when we have to employ foreign shipping to carry our produce they are not going to do it without very great profit to themselves as against those who give them business". And the commissioners added in their report that "the indirect advantages in promoting American trade, which would follow from improved shipping facilities, would be much more important than the advantage of paying freights to residents of our own country rather than foreigners". Mr. Morgan knew very well what he was doing. Our iron and steel industries are in the gravest danger. The United States is now the dominant iron-producing country in the world, its competition has been severely felt in neutral markets, only a year ago the mere rumour of iron cargoes from America was enough to disturb British prices. For the moment the enormous demand for iron products in the States compels American manufacturers to restrict themselves to the home trade, but increased supply follows close on the heels of demand, and when the inevitable depression comes America will be possessed of an enormous surplus of productive power. When that time comes we know what to expect, for Mr. Schwab has warned us that the prime principle of American industry is to keep the plants running full, and that to do so he will sell at low prices and develop foreign trade even at a loss. Only last autumn after the industrial collapse in Germany German manufacturers poured their products into this country at bargain prices and destroyed all profit in our steel and engineering trades. Mr. Schwab estimates that with an American merchant

fleet steel billets could be transported across the Atlantic at half the present cost, and now that he has got his ships he may not need to do his foreign trade at a loss. The great trust magnates are adepts at making all parts of their huge organisations work in harmony with one another, and it is already freely advanced as a proof of the necessity of the shipping combination that it will be possible to quote through-rates by rail and ship for the export of American produce. We know what this means. Abundant evidence was given before the Industrial Commission that despite the prohibitions of the law the railways allowed the Trusts rates discriminating against their independent competitors. When the railways, ships, and steel plants are owned by the same proprietors who seek only one mass profit, we may be sure that favourable rates will be quoted for all products in which they are interested, and that American competition will be a permanent and powerful factor in our home markets. Then our iron industry may follow our agriculture.

What may happen when the shipping facilities of a port are monopolised is shown by the experience of Bangkok after the Germans bought up the two Scottish lines plying there. Promptly none but German goods were forwarded, to the detriment of all other traders. Such a contingency is perhaps somewhat remote as regards the Trust, but it might occur in another sphere if the proposed American-controlled company to deal with the trade between West Africa and Britain and America is realised. In any case the Shipping Combination as the largest trading unit will dominate the North Atlantic and by the threat of a rate war will be able to keep the other companies in subjection or even force them to enter the merger. First a rate war to secure monopoly and then high charges to recoup cost is the simple lesson taught by the Sugar Trust, and it is by no means impossible that we may learn it again on the Atlantic. With rates differentiating against British traders on the top of this our cup would be full indeed. We cannot even extract a crumb of comfort from the probability of an extension of trade to Mr. Pirrie the patriot's tied house. The creation of the Trust with its building agreement with Messrs. Harland & Wolff is being used as a proof of the need for subsidising American shipbuilders. The Steel Trust organisers have for some time been credited with the intention of amalgamating the shipbuilding interests under their wing and would therefore welcome a subsidy, which in any case would bring an increased demand for their products. It is certain, so far as anything can be certain, that all new ships required by the Combination will be built in the States, and the great Belfast establishment will become a mere repairing yard.

There remains yet another serious danger in the future. We are able to maintain the vast excess of our imports over our exports largely because we do so great a carrying trade for other nations. If that were seriously reduced our command over our supplies of food and raw materials would be dangerously impaired, we should be driven to live upon our capital or to attempt the risky task of creating fresh industries amid wild international competition. Hitherto the United States has been unable to maintain its tonnage of national ships, and we have been able to make good the somewhat rapid gains of Germany, Italy, and some other countries by successes in other directions. It is not the least of the offences of Messrs. Ismay and Pirrie that they have by one stroke seriously crippled our power of drawing income from the foreigner.

#### THE GEOLOGICAL ASPECT OF THE ANTILLES ERUPTIONS.

TO push aside the past horror and future terror that throb in upon us from our fellow-men in the West Indies and to inspect these events in earth-history with the undimmed eye of science seems callous but may be useful. Prophecy and explanation are alike rash in the absence of precise details; but certain sensational and extraordinary opinions, fathered by the reporters of the daily press on geologists hitherto respected, challenge us to give the broad lines of a scheme of things in which these eruptions may be placed.

The Lesser Antilles are a band of small islands curving between Puerto Rico and Trinidad, with the deep Caribbean Sea on the inner side of the curve and the Atlantic Ocean on the outer. Were these waters dried, the band would appear as the summits of a mountain chain, sloping steeply, almost precipitously, to the west, but shelving away gently on the east, while all along the western edge a row of volcanoes in various stages of activity would indicate the existence of a crack or line of weakness in the earth's crust. The curve of this sunken mountain-chain may be followed south-westwards through the northern sierras of Venezuela to the Andes. From the lofty peaks of Alaska, through the Cascade Ranges, the Sierra Nevada, the Sierra Madre, and the coastal mountains of Central America, some have attempted to trace an axis of elevation continuous with the Andes. Whatever be the cause of the elevation, we may regard it as throwing the crust of the earth into a long fold, running approximately north and south; further, in this case the western limb of the fold dips down more steeply than the eastern limb and there is a tendency for the crest of the fold to be pushed over towards the west. If, then, there be molten rock beneath the crust (either the remnant of a former fluid interior of the earth, or due to heat or change of pressure consequent on the folding) it will be pressed up into the fold by the sinking portions of crust on the west of the axis, and may escape through cracks on that side of the fold. Hence the row of volcanoes often said to accompany the great backbone of the two Americas.

The backbone, it is true, can be traced readily enough in South America, and again, though less plainly, in North America; in Central America, however, mountains and volcanoes alike range rather from east to west than from north to south, while the continuation of the Andes is to be found, if at all, far to the east in the chain of the Antilles. This conception of the Antilles is supported by the fact that similar fire-crowned chaplets of islands characterise the margin of the Pacific, but are foreign to the Atlantic. The Caribbean Sea is, as it were, a portion of the Pacific, unlawfully barred out by the upstart volcanoes of Central America. To propound further theories in explanation of what may, after all, be a fanciful analogy would lead us too far; and yet it is not amiss to point out that this wrenched and disturbed area lies at the western end of a great curve of weakness, or line of movement, which passes across the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, and thence down the Persian Gulf to Malaysia, whence one may perhaps extend it through the volcanic islands of the Southern Pacific and the Galapagos back to the Caribbean. Assuming, then, that certain forces tended to form a north and south fold, it is not surprising to find that the result has been distorted by the forces that appear to have acted nearly at right angles to these.

To sum up: the volcanoes of the Lesser Antilles burst out along a line of weakness on the western edge of a fold of the earth's crust. This fold curves around the southern and eastern margins of the Caribbean Sea, while there are lines of weakness and movement on the western margin of the sea, some running from east to west. We may, then, suppose the portion of the earth's crust that forms the floor of the Caribbean to be somewhat shattered, especially at the edges, and to rest on a substratum which may be permanently or intermittently molten. The whole region is in an unstable condition and ready for action. What pulls the trigger? It is quite possible that the abnormal conditions of weather from which we have been suffering, and, more particularly, changes of pressure of the atmosphere, may have affected the level of some lava reservoir, and so started a series of actions and reactions. The first sign is an earthquake on the west side of the unstable area, in Guatemala. Then four days later, a plume of "smoke" over Mont Pelée. Perhaps some minute crack has been enlarged and Caribbean waters are finding their way to the heated substratum; or perhaps there has been a relief of pressure, and water confined in the heated rocks has flashed into steam. More water soaks through to the molten rock; violent explosions follow, which break it up and eject it in fragments so fine as to appear a grey

ash "like Portland cement". This ash, descending into crater lakes, or mixed with torrents of rain, forms a stream of heated mud that rushes down the mountain side, and is followed at last by the overflowing lava. Meanwhile, disturbances of no less magnitude, though less tragic in their immediate consequences, begin in S. Vincent; northwards the volcanic activity extends to Dominica; and, though reports of disturbances in Trinidad are not confirmed, there is a strong smell of sulphur along the coast of Venezuela. But we cannot follow the whole history—alas! not yet completed. Only a few striking events may be dwelt on.

The sea was greatly disturbed, in one place receding 300 feet and then returning. Telegraphic communication was early interrupted, the cables being on the west of the islands, and it is stated that a cable laid at a depth of 300 metres was found to have sunk to a depth of 1,200 metres. Wallilaboo, on the west side of S. Vincent, partly sank beneath the sea, while the adjacent village of Richmond was raised. All these facts show that the floor of the Caribbean has been sinking as the rock underlying it has been ejected as lava or ashes. As is usual in the case of volcanoes situated along a crack in the earth's crust, many new craters have been formed, some, however, not quite in the direct line, but slightly to the west of it.

Numerous earthquake shocks have been recorded from other countries: Portugal, Spain, Croatia, and the Caucasus, all within the transverse zone of weakness, while at Teplice in Bohemia the hot springs have been disturbed. Similarly along the north and south fold of America, we read of the activity of Colima on the Pacific coast of Mexico, of an earthquake in North California, and of the smoking of "Mount Iona" [?] in the United States.

Although streams of lava have been mentioned, in one case only to be denied subsequently, still the bulk of the erupted matter seems to have been in the form of scoriae and ashes. There have also been poisonous expulsions of gas, probably carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen. When, in past ages, the earth first gave way along this line, great sheets of basalt were poured out, then followed huge flows of trachytic lava, while during the last 250 years, the majority of the eruptions have been of ashes and sulphur vapours and mud. This last type of eruption characterises the solfatara stage of a volcano's existence—a stage in which the volcanoes of the Lesser Antilles obviously are, as moreover is indicated by the frequency of the name Soufrière. This stage is held to indicate the decadence of a volcano, and though eruptions are severe in their effects when they do come, still they occur less and less often, till at last hot baths and a water-cure are the sole reminder of their former devastation.

Thus the last word of geology may be hopeful, but, unfortunately for to-day's sorrows, it is a science that thinks in aeons.

#### TULIPS.

ON Tuesday last at the Drill Hall in Buckingham Gate the Royal Horticultural and the National Tulip Societies' exhibition was even in this inclement season an excellent one both for the number of varieties exhibited and their fineness. The cultivation of so many kinds of flowers nowadays is carried to such a marvellous pitch, that as exhibition follows exhibition one grows really at a loss for words in which to describe them, they leave one astonished and speechless. Now the first duty of a critic of flowers is not to scent about till he can hit upon something to decry, but rather to discriminate what is praiseworthy and to praise it. That is harder work no doubt, and does not give our critic so good a chance of showing himself off. And so as critics are mortal, and prone, like the rest of us, to catch at what is easy and effective, the proper and more excellent way of criticism they do not for the most part follow; but rather they are down at once upon this or that which lends itself to their fine humour or invective, tickling us prodigiously with their smartness. However, in the present article although we are going to begin with a little piece of criticism, we do honestly

protest that is not for any such base end as we have hinted at; but merely because we have so great a love of flowers, and so great an admiration for the genius and success of the Royal Horticultural Society and of our horticulturists generally; and because, therefore, we should so much like to see the flowers in these exhibitions shown off to their greatest advantage, made the most of, that is, individually and as a whole. Conscious then of this laudable spirit may we not venture at once upon a word of counsel? Time after time in these recurrent exhibitions we feel keenly that the flowers by no means do have full justice done them, the beautiful creatures. They are altogether too crowded, or, to use an expressive slang, they are jammed up. It is a thousand pities from every point of view, and surely without excuse, were a little more discrimination shown, and a little more self-restraint on the part of exhibitors. To bunch a quantity of blossoms together so that their forms do not tell, to set bunch against bunch so closely that their forms or their colours or both get in one another's way, distracting and confusing the spectator—how perpetually does this happen, and what reason in the world is there for it? The custom is particularly unfortunate in the case of large flowers such as tulips, in which the form is of primary importance and the colours are, for the most part, strong. On Tuesday last we observed certain tulips of a somewhat curious shape so jammed in a vase, that at first, or even at second glance the mere lover of flowers would not have guessed that they were tulips at all. On the other hand, in the centre of their splendid display Messrs. Barr & Sons had set some of their newer blossoms—amongst them the *Maculata grandiflora*, the *Ariadne*, the *Fawn*—to the utmost advantage. There were but few heads in a vase, and each vase was at a reasonable distance from its neighbour. Nothing could be better, and why should not such an arrangement obtain, or at least more or less obtain, throughout? It is hard to suppose that any such insuperable difficulties stand in the way of the arrangers of our flower shows as alas! stand in the way of the arrangers of our annual picture show at the Royal Academy.

There are flowers whose beauty and fragrance are so magical that their mere names are sufficient to call up before us all manner of poetical imaginations, names indissolubly associated with the ideas of virginal grace and sweetness, of all that is chaste and elegant, of all that compels our admiration and captures our devotion in the purest and tenderest moments of life. Roses are such flowers, lilies are such flowers, the narcissi are such, and carnations. It is not to be pretended that we can set the tulip amid this enchanted company. At least we Englishmen cannot. No doubt the ordinary Englishman's judgment of a tulip is somewhat racially prejudiced and experimentally narrow. He has not for the most part seen what the tulip is capable of. For him it is still a stiff and stumpy flower that serves in the spring to make formal beds somewhat vulgarly gay with strong reds and yellows. If he picks and puts it in his room, at first it is obstinately rigid, anon it bursts wantonly open losing whatever charm of shape it possessed, and certainly disclosing no hidden charms. Of course we are but speaking of the man in the street, with his rough and ready notions, his undiscerning eyes, his unreceptive senses. For if other flowers have developed from what we once knew them—the daffodils, for example, or still more the chrysanthemums—the tulips too have not lagged behind. Years back the Englishman's chrysanthemums were only the little dull red, or purple, or yellow buttons, hardly noticed but because they flowered in his town garden, when late autumn mists and chill had killed off all other flowers. But in Japan they knew the chrysanthemum for far more than this. Years ago the Englishman's tulips were stumpy and rigid, their virtue only in their obtrusive gaiety of pronounced red and yellow. But in Holland they knew the tulip for far more than this. And so in England now under the auspices of the National Tulip Society it is fast growing to be known and to be prized. Certainly it well deserves it. These long-stemmed tulips with their exquisite grace of curvature alike in leaf and stalk and flower have an elegance of growth that may set them for pure beauty

of form amongst the first of flowers. It is somewhat of an austere beauty, if you will, but it is none the worse for that. Nor are we urging this because we happen to have set pen to paper on the subject of this particular flower, and so must hunt about for something to say in its behalf, and are ready not to stick at any plausible exaggeration that may serve to make out a case for it. Let us then repeat our words. For pure beauty of form, for a certain austere, sculpturesque beauty of form, you are not easily amongst any flowers to rival the grace of a fine tulip, and you will beat it amongst none. The unbroken contour of its form in stem or blossom or leaf challenges severe criticism, as the contour of a fine human limb challenges severe criticism—it challenges and it sustains it. We are fond of congratulating ourselves nowadays on our advance in the practice of decoration over what obtained a generation ago. Well, it is interesting to note how large a part the tulip, and the suggestive form of a tulip, play in our best modern decoration. The flower lends itself with amazing kindness to the requirements and limitations of the decorator's art because of the simplicity, because of the subtlety of its form. That it has been abused and libelled, and turned in some quarters into a sort of school badge, this we are at no pains to deny. But such an abuse it only shares, say, even with the lily and the rose. The abuse was inevitable: and the fact remains, that the best of our contemporary decorators, having once grasped what a fine tulip was, have not failed to avail themselves of it to the immense charm and dignity of their designs.

We have insisted upon this element in the tulip, its austere but gracious beauty of form, partly because of the service it has been in art, and partly because it is by the careless onlooker too little considered. For him the tulip's chief virtue lies in its colour; and no doubt for brilliancy of hue as well as, within a certain range of tints, for a curiously shell-like delicacy these flowers will hold their own with the most brilliant, the most delicate. Reds and yellows, the daintiest imaginable flesh-tints which the blush-rose herself cannot beat, soft rich or pale purples now reminiscent of Veronese's own sumptuousness, now of some faded eighteenth-century damask—it is amongst such positive colours or subtle tints that these tulips play. And in the colour as well as in the form of the finest varieties there is something altogether stately, even majestic; they seem little congruous with our present-day hurry and mannerlessness, our makeshift homes in these contracted yet pretentious flats; they belong to a world of larger style and of a serener atmosphere. Well, well, but it is no use crying for the moon; and for our generation at all events this larger and serener world is not to be had. We must make shift as best we can with contemporary pettiness; and if a flower at the Royal Horticultural Society's show brings us to meditate a few minutes, and to realise that for all our fine schemes petty in a score of ways our day is, and to grow a little restless under its concomitant fussiness, it will not have blossomed vainly.

#### TWO PICTURES.

"Love Steering the Boat of Humanity." By G. F. Watts. (New Gallery. No. 149.)

THE allegorical pictures of Mr. Watts have a morbid attraction for me. So many people find in them exalted thought and penetrating imagination that I never find myself before one of them without feeling impelled to analyse why it is that they leave me rather a sense of confused thinking and vision, of a mind that has vague impulsions of greatness, but never sees its object clearly. The picture at the New Gallery does not diminish this sense. Let be for a moment the question of the conception the action serves, whether it is high or profound: I ask whether the supposed action has been clearly and strongly seen. "Love Steering":—Now it is impossible for Love or anyone else to steer this boat, because the boat is pointing in the teeth of a formidable wind, witness the direction of the clouds, and has at the moment no propulsion by sail or oar. There has been a sail, but it has dropped: either the boat was running by a strange

anomaly in the teeth of the wind, (for Humanity has been sculling and could hardly do that if the boat were close-hauled), or more probably, from the position of the sail, she has been running stern foremost before the gale. In this case Love is at the wrong end. But in any case Love is not steering; for he is using his oar with its blade not against the water but cutting through it and from the violent energy he is throwing into an act that offers no resistance, it is clear that in a moment he will find himself beside Humanity in the bottom of the boat. Humanity, having caught a crab, is there already; but with such a pair of sculls it must have been difficult even to do that. I question whether all the muscles of Humanity could work a lever with the force applied so near the fulcrum as in this pair of paddles. Anyway it is hopeless to expect that with such tools, against mountainous waves, in the teeth of a gale Humanity will get enough way on his boat for Love's steering to be steering at all. There is nothing for it but to put about and run before the wind. And that, which is not, I take it, Mr. Watts' moral at all, is the moral that emerges from this singular piece. Love for Humanity's boat is an impulsive but hardly a directing force, and to give the helm to Love is to give up the oars and all tacking with the sails and to drift with the wind. But *true* Love, replies shocked sentiment, will not allow Humanity either to drive or to drift. Very well: that is love plus something else; and it is the something else that takes the helm. Imagination sees things clearly and takes their consequences: sentiment leads straight to this kind of solemn-comic performance, seeing everything preposterously, putting cloth of gold for tarpaulin in the bottom of a boat, and the rest accordingly; Mr. Watts squandered his painter's forces when he put them to service with an amateur religion.

"Marpise." By Eugène Delacroix. (At Messrs. Obachs, Bond Street.)

I strayed on through the jungles of painting that are bounded northwards by Oxford Street and to the south by Pall Mall. Spring has hung all those groves with monster blossoms, and awakened the terrors of their most secret recesses,

Enormous beasts, dishonest to the eye.

Suddenly I broke into strangely familiar glades, long unvisited. At nine years old surely, I came here with Britomart and Guyon. In this wood at every turn there stands a villainous vaunting knight to be tumbled from his saddle or a bewitched damsel to be rescued from an archimage. It became a little difficult for English travellers to enter this wood because the good Sir John Gilbert, a brave knight in his way, treated the whole place in too easy, flourishing a spirit, brought in the Bank holiday of profuse illustration, and trampled the grass into an Epping Forest. It takes just three-quarters of a second for our English vision, stiffened by the Pre-raphaelites, and suspicious of anything free and rolling, to accommodate itself to Delacroix. But what fine stuff it is! The picture is of his prime (1852) wrought to an intensity of rich colour throughout, of colour in old approved ways of richness, and of colour whipped and sabrée to give vibration to the flesh of this adorable nude. The painting is unequal, after Delacroix's wont; the head of Marpise is not equal to the lovely design and vitality of Pinabello's mistress; but how fine a group they all make, the nude, the robes, the glistering armour, the bright chestnut horse with head thrown up to munch the leaves, relieved against the new-enamelled forest glade. Rousseau, Diaz, Monticelli, Monet are latent here, coming out of Rubens.

The story is in the twentieth canto of the "Orlando". Marfisa, a Britomart of the older epic, had taken up the ugly old gabrina behind her, and Pinabello's beautiful mistress mocked them at the ford. Pinabello was promptly challenged and overthrown, and the beautiful lady had to hand over all her robes and jewels to the hag. This is the moment of the picture. The next knight had to take over the hag herself.

Delacroix's love of Ariosto throws an interesting light on the conflict in his mind between an instinct for exuberance and a critical respect for restraint. He

loved him for his romance and chivalry, and in his heart of hearts loved Shakespeare and Byron more; but all the Frenchman in him was shocked at the degree to which exuberance of manner matched the romance of matter in those poets, so that when he sits down to class the poets he puts Ariosto above them, beside Virgil, Racine and Mozart. Here is a passage, where, with a sub-resentment against his own taste, he makes the comparison.

"J'établis que, en général, ce ne sont pas les plus grands poètes qui prêtent le plus à la peinture; ceux qui y prêtent le plus sont ceux qui donnent une plus grande place aux descriptions. La vérité des passions et du caractère n'y est pas nécessaire. Pourquoi l'Arioste, malgré des sujets très propres à la peinture, incite-il moins que Shakespeare et Lord Byron, par exemple, à représenter en peinture ses sujets? Je crois que c'est, d'une part, parce que les deux Anglais, bien qu'avec quelques traits principaux qui sont frappants pour l'imagination, sont souvent ampoulés et boursouflés. L'Arioste, au contraire, peint tellement avec les moyens de son art, il abuse si peu du pittoresque, de la description interminable; on ne peut rien lui dérober. On peut prendre d'un personnage de Shakespeare l'effet frappant, l'espèce de vérité pittoresque de son personnage, et y ajouter, suivant ses facultés, un certain degré de finesse; mais l'Arioste! . . ."

There is another long passage in the journal in the year after he painted this picture, expressing all the fastidious man's horror of the caricaturists of his own manner, and holding up against the gaps and inflations of a Homer and Shakespeare "ce travail divin qui a poli l'enveloppe que le poète a donnée à ses touchantes pensées. L'auteur a pris la peine qu'il devrait prendre pour écartier du chemin qu'il me fait parcourir ou de la perspective qu'il me montre, tous les obstacles qui m'embarrassent ou qui m'offusquent".

Delacroix, as schoolmaster, was the scourge of the romantics. And when he finds himself hankering after a new temptation of the fantastic in matter and style such as Poe, sent to him by Baudelaire, he tries to exorcise the demon by brandishing his Ariosto.

"Nous ne pouvons nous autres [français] perdre à ce point l'équilibre, et la raison doit être de tous nos écarts . . . j'accorde que la lecture de l'Arioste ne donne pas des sensations de cet ordre, . . . mais on n'en peut prendre à de fortes doses, et cette continuité dans l'improbable ou l'impossible rendu probable est pour nous un travers d'esprit. Il ne faut pas croire que ces auteurs-là aient plus d'imagination que ceux qui se contentent de décrire les choses comme elles sont, et il est certainement plus facile d'inventer par ce moyen des situations frappantes que par la route battue des esprits intelligents de tous les siècles."

If Ariosto seems to fit awkwardly into the argument here, it is evident that in his ordonnance and expression of the passions the reasonable and critical being in Delacroix, perhaps also the gentleman, found a decency and polish of manner that meant to him "real" and "possible".

Delacroix is not often to be seen in England; we are still far, it seems, from having him in the National Gallery. This is therefore a picture to be seen, and a fine early Harpignies, a stormy river scene, is worth seeing in the same gallery.

Messrs. Forbes and Paterson have collected a second set of Raeburns. The "Sinclair" and "Mrs. Campbell" give his range from dignified full length to humorous intimacy of treatment. Few of the other pieces do anything but detract from the sense of mastery conveyed by these.

At Messrs. Carfax' is a new set of fans by Mr. Conder, as wonderful as ever.

D. S. M.

#### OPERA ONCE AGAIN.

IT appears that there is someone in London actually interested in opera and in the establishment of a permanent National opera. In making this seemingly ridiculous remark let me declare at once that I refer to no one engaged in producing opera in London. Least of all would I be thought to refer to the Syndicate as a whole or to any one of the Syndicate. Such a suggestion would of course be outrageous, and as the syndicate or part or one of it is supposed to know at least as much about law as about music, and since I should dislike to have a sheaf of writs hurled against me and the innocent publishers and editor of this paper, it seems best to make my meaning perfectly plain before

going further. Therefore, chancing actions for libel, I state that the someone referred to is Mr. William Johnson Galloway, who has just published, through Mr. John Long, a little book called (and really dealing with) "The Operatic Problem". There are only two things I know against Mr. Galloway: first, he knows a great deal about music and operatic music in particular; second, he is a Member of Parliament—certainly a damning charge. When I went away for my summer holiday last July I did not know he dreamed of writing this book; on my return from that holiday in fairly good time this year no one told me anything about it; and when it reached me only a few days ago it rather astonished me. For Mr. Galloway has a practicable scheme to propose: not a scheme like some schemes of mine, but one which could be carried out easily, one which he proves by figures could be carried out.

Why, I cannot say, but Mr. Galloway proposes that a National English Opera House should be commenced and "be looked after by a Board under the supervision of the Education Department". Why, I repeat, I cannot say, for there is no connexion possibly discoverable between music and the "Education Department". What on earth has any conceivable English Education Department to do with music; who ever heard of a man attached to the Education Department knowing or caring anything about music? However, that is the only flaw to be perceived in Mr. Galloway's proposal. He says that there should be a Board for opera in this country, just as, I suppose, there is a Board for trade and for agriculture and a number of other occupations that are not in the least interesting. And, he says, the duties of the Board would be

1. The building of a National Opera House in London.
2. The drawing up of a schedule of stipulations on the lines of the French *cahier des charges* regulating the work of the theatre.
3. The appointment of a manager.
4. The supervision of the execution of the stipulations embodied in the schedule.
5. The provision of funds for the subsidy.

This last duty of the Board, so lightly set forth by Mr. Galloway, seems to me precisely the duty which will cause most trouble. "The provision of funds for the subsidy"! Whoever heard of an Englishman in his senses willing to provide funds for anything unconnected with trade? By a lucky accident painting got subsidised a long time ago; but, depend upon it, had those machines into which you drop a penny and turn a handle and see an inane set of pictures been in existence at the time we should have no National Gallery but instead a collection of those machines. Mr. Galloway recognises the facts of the situation and tries to show that by giving a small subsidy to opera the Government would be finding employment for goodness knows how many people. He cites instances of French and Italian towns where a large proportion of the population lives directly or indirectly on opera and operatic work. The wig-makers, bogus armour-makers, dressmakers and what not, numbering hundreds and sometimes thousands, all live on opera. So that by establishing a National Opera we should in a measure be dealing with the question of the unemployed. I cannot possibly go into every part of Mr. Galloway's proposal: he himself is sufficiently terse and if I mentioned every argument he puts forward my article would be rather longer than his book. But it may be said that Mr. Galloway has studied the working of opera in Germany, France and Italy and here gives us the results of his studies; facts and figures are hurled at one's head on every page. His book is the latest word said on the subject and I recommend everyone to read it. When a number of people have read it, and the matter has been sufficiently talked about, possibly something will be done. And this is certain, that if ever we are going to have an opera at all, it will have to be created on the lines laid down by Mr. Galloway. Not the least of its merits is that it would at any rate keep out the Academic gang.

There is a number of other concerts to be talked about, but beyond a note on the London Musical Festival concerts there is space for nothing save one

given by Mr. Dolmetsch on 13 May. Mr. Dolmetsch is as vigorous and aggressive as ever, but his people play well, and he lets us hear music not to be heard elsewhere. At this late date I do not dream of going into details : all I have to say is that I wish Mr. Dolmetsch would think long and tedious rehearsals of great importance and that the public knew more of the importance of his concerts. As for the London Musical Festival, I wrote about it here when Mr. Newman created it. It is not a Festival, as we have ever understood the word ; but it is a series of more or less interesting orchestral concerts directed by more or less interesting conductors. Of all who appeared at the six concerts which formed the festival certainly Mr. Henry J. Wood came out on top. The band was of his training, and every effect brought off by Nikisch or Ysaye or Weingartner had to be attributed in a large measure to him. The parts he himself conducted were admirably done. Ysaye was scarcely at his best, nor was Weingartner. Weingartner's version of the Funeral march in the Heroic symphony made me think that the hearse had been engaged by the hour and that the widow was anxious to save money. But certain portions of the work, notably the Finale, came off magnificently. Nikisch, for some reason unknown to me, made a tremendous popular success. When he came here some years ago he made no impression whatever. On this occasion he made on me no impression whatever. I cannot regard him, no matter how loudly the crowd claps, as amongst the really great conductors. However, he made his hit with the public, and I congratulate him on his luck.

Those of my readers who are interested in the old-world music may care to note that, as I see in the advertisement columns of a contemporary paper, there will be at Westminster Cathedral on 11 June a performance of the old-world music as well as of some music of the new world. Byrd, Tallis and other of the old men will be sung and the whole function will begin with a performance of Wagner's "Holy Supper". This last is a work which I have never been able to regard as wholly admirable; but for testing the acoustic properties of Bentley's splendid Cathedral I suppose nothing better could be found. If the Archbishop will let me in I shall attend, though not to hear Wagner's music played in a church, but to hear the only music that ought to be played in a church—that of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Byrd and Purcell—who, by the way, will be "represented" by his Te Deum—are worth at any time and in any circumstances going a long way to hear.

J. F. R.

#### AN ACTRESS, AND TWO PLAYS.

"SAPHO", at the Adelphi, is not a play to be admired very warmly by anyone who knows Daudet's book, or by anyone who does not. Quite evidently, Mr. Clyde Fitch's aim was not to do full justice to Daudet or to himself, but to give a set of glorious chances to Miss Olga Nethersole. And here the chances are, and here is Miss Nethersole, taking them. In part-payment of this debt to America, she has left there nearly all her mannerisms ; and thus there is little of the old impediment to our admiration of her great qualities—her originality, her intelligence, her wonderful technique. "What an actress!" is our thought, from first to last, while she glides in and out of innumerable moods, and ranges all the emotions to which humanity is liable. From first to last, she has authoritative hold on our attention, and "brava!" is ever on our lips. On the first night (some time ago, now), the critics of the morning-papers were vexed that the curtain did not fall before midnight : how, they asked, were they to get their notices done before their papers went to press? But were not their notices already written out, verbatim, in their heads? Did they have to sit down and enubilate from a general impression of rapture the reasons why they had been pleased? Surely they knew, at every single point in the performance, by what means pleasure was being produced in them. Their pleasure was in the conscious appreciation of those means. They were not surrendering themselves, humbly, to a dramatic illusion. They were taking note

of a fine display of histrionic art, a demonstration impressive by reason of its exquisite lucidity. There was nothing to make their hearts beat, but there was a large consignment of furniture, delivered in an orderly and businesslike way, for the cells of their brains.

There you have the limitation of Miss Nethersole as an actress. She never touches you through the character impersonated. It is of her art that you are always conscious. Why should this be? The reason is apparent : Miss Nethersole is always conscious of her own art. She stands aloof from her conception of a character, and calmly, though lavishly, supplies it with the resources of her art. According to Diderot, of course, this is the one and only right method. But the famous Paradox, though it is quite sound as an academic theory, flatly fails to the ground of experience. We learn by experience that, if a mime lose not himself or herself in his or her part, he or she leaves us in illusione. Now, the state of inillusion is all very well in the case of broad comedy. For, as Elia suggested, in such comedy illusion is not needed—not, at least, to its full extent : there the mime may, and should, exercise a critical as well as a creative faculty. And thus we can account for the posthumous encouragement given to Diderot by M. Coquelin and other comedians who can compass none but the comedic method. Tragedy is quite another matter. In tragedy we must be illuded, touched, thrilled. And this effect can be wrought on us only by a mime whose whole heart and soul are fused indissolubly into the part assumed. Acting is a form of hypnotic suggestion. If a mime believe that he or she is what he (confound the English lack of a common personal pronoun in the singular!) or she is pretending to be, then are we, too, credulous. If there be pity and awe (see how I am trying to dodge that confounded lack!) in the mime's own bosom, then are we, too, sorry and afraid. At least, we are so if the mime's technique, consciously acquired and unconsciously used, be so good as to fit, and to express, exactly and inobtrusively, the mime's own emotions. Then it is for the critic to acclaim a truly great performance in tragedy. This pious office is not imposed on him, and never will be, by Miss Nethersole. But she does afford him the aesthetic pleasure of studying a technique which is, in itself—in its strength and suppleness and sureness—as perfect as a technique can be. And, if he do not recognise, and acclaim loudly, that perfection, he writes himself down a brute impervious to the art of acting.

I apologise to the Stage Society for being so belated in my tribute to its production of "The Lady from the Sea". My only excuse is that the production itself seemed to be belated. Try though I would to blink myself into a belief that my eyes were deceiving me, I had to acknowledge the gaunt solidity of the confronting fact that Ibsen was already old-fashioned. Try as I would to hear the play ringing true, my ears insisted that it was ringing, aye! pealing, false. "Byron is dead!"—can that message have fallen with a more awful suddenness on our grandfathers than "Ibsen is old-fashioned!" falls on us? The news from Mesolonghi was at first discredited, and so, in a sense, was broken gently. Similarly, only those who attended the private production of "The Lady from the Sea" will read my news without a hopeful doubt. For us, who were on the spot, the best course is to dash away our tears, see if we can find out the cause of the tragedy, and draw some moral from it. As we listened to the play, was it the technique that seemed out of date? No, that seemed out of date only in the sense that Ibsen is still several years ahead of all his competitors. Was it . . . but there is no need for a process of elimination. It was Ellida, the Lady herself, who was the trouble, diffusing over the footlights the scent of things long kept in lavender. Ellida, as you may remember, is the usual Ibsenist heroine, propounder of the regular Ibsenist ideas. Ah! those ideas, how quaint and tedious they have become! How often we seem to have heard them! How little we care to hear them again! That is the dangerous thing about new ideas : they are old so soon. They are delightfully exciting for a time. But presently one of two sad fates befalls them. Either we accept

them, and they become truisms ; or, as is the case with Ibsen's feminist propaganda, we reject them, and they become irritating little old paradoxes, and woe betide the dramatis persona who mouths them for us. If this creature be an authentic human creature, behaving as such, then perhaps we are appeased. But—and here is another danger for the dramatist with ideas—the chances are that the creature has been built primarily as a mouth-piece. Our friend Ellida has been built that way, and so we think of her not as our friend at all, but as a very old acquaintance whom we are anxious to drop. A few years ago we should have been much impressed when she suddenly abandons her aspirations of her soul because her husband gives her leave to elope if she wishes to, or to do anything else that takes her fancy. But then Ibsen's insistence on the equal rights of the sexes—or rather, on the lesser rights of the male sex—was a new idea in drama. We should have overlooked the crude falseness of the psychology, in our excitement over the idea for whose illustration the character had been twisted. But when an idea is old and tattered it is no longer a garment in which a lay-figure can compete with a thing of flesh and blood. Certainly, Ellida must be dropped. And Nora, and all those others? I suppose so. But Time is a cyclist. The things of the day before yesterday are nearer to us than the things of yesterday, and nearer still are the things of the day before the day before. Ellida and the rest, creatures of yesterday, will grow gradually younger, and will doubtless be much admired at the close of the century. Meanwhile, our discovery that they do belong to yesterday is a cruelly sharp reminder of our own advancing years.

Tom Taylor was not given to ideas, and so Mr. Wyndham's revival of "Still Waters Run Deep" is saved from one danger, at any rate. Moreover, my theory of Time and Fashion is corroborated (superficially, perhaps) by the fact that the fifty-years-old technique of the play, so far from irritating us, affords us an exquisite delight. Who does not feel the better for his initiation into the household of the Mildmays? *Scene*: an empty drawing-room. *Enter* a gentleman talking to himself about his affairs. *Exit*. *Enter* a lady, describing to herself her various emotions. *Exit*. *Enter* some other soliloquist. And so forth. Whenever there is a talk between two persons, a third listens unseen in a prominent position at the back of the stage. And the language! And the story! The whole thing is splendid. In the whole theatre the only people who do not evidently enjoy it are the mimes. They appear scared.

MAX.

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF S. PIERRE.

(8 MAY 1902).

WHAT makes each victim seem a martyr-brother?—

What adds a terror to the flags of fire,  
The blasts of sulphur-fume, the boiling mire?—  
It is the hand that moves to burn and smother—  
The hand of her I hymned as "Queen and Mother"—

The hand of her I hymned to a boyish lyre :  
She knows us not : or does she strike in ire?  
She loves us not : ah, let us love each other !

" Your god of science ", she bellows from the height,  
Shall never bring your prying eyes a ray  
To pierce the heart of Nature, mailed in night.  
We, harkening to the earthquake, we will say :  
" The star of brotherhood, with love for might,  
Shall conquer darkness yet : it points to day".

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

#### INSURANCE.

THE recent issue of the report of the London and Lancashire Life Assurance Company recalls a fact which can have but few, if any, precedents in the history of life offices. The Company was registered on 3 June, 1862, and is consequently just completing the first forty years of its existence. It was founded by Mr. Clirehugh, who was its first manager and actuary, and still remains the chief official. The present secretary entered the service of the company only four years after its commencement, so that his tenure of office has been nearly as long as that of his chief. It is difficult to over-estimate the value of lengthy services of this kind, and the record of the London and Lancashire Life, though it presents no features of amazing growth such as some insurance offices exhibit, is one with which the officials and the policy-holders may well be satisfied.

Magnitude, as we have often insisted, is no criterion of merit, and quite as often as not bigness and badness go together. During the first ten years of its existence the premium income was £220,000, and during the last ten years it has been nearly ten times as much. This is a rate of progress quite appropriate to systematic development on sound lines ; but it is more important to notice that in regard to the principal sources of surplus the position has been considerably improved. For the first ten years the expenditure incurred was nearly double the expenditure provided for, while at the present time the actual expenditure is within the provision set aside for expenses. Another feature of importance is the rate of interest earned upon the funds. For the last valuation it exceeded 4 per cent., and only once during previous valuation periods was the rate of interest yielded by the funds appreciably in excess of this return. Considering the well-known fact that the rate of interest has fallen heavily in recent years, great credit must be given to the management for the way in which the funds have been invested.

One feature of the company, which has been characteristic ever since its formation, is the low scale of premiums which it charges, especially for participating policies. Unless this is borne in mind the bonus of £1 per cent. per annum appears small ; but taking the premium rates into consideration it will be found that the results under its policies work out very advantageously for the policy-holders, especially at the younger ages.

In a company which has been under the same management for so many years continuity of method is naturally expected ; but in spite of this changes have been made from time to time in order to keep the company abreast of modern insurance developments. One of the most important changes was made in 1899, when it was decided to increase the share of the surplus apportioned to the participating policy-holders from 80 per cent. to 90 per cent. The precise effect of this alteration will be seen for the first time at the valuation which falls due at the end of the present year, when the bonus results for the policy-holders should show an improvement, since the company has effected economies in management, has maintained at a remunerative rate the interest yielded by the funds, and has experienced a rate of mortality well within that expected and provided for.

We have frequently said that it is the exception for an insurance company transacting both Life and Fire business to be prominent in both departments. The very big fire companies are seldom exceptionally good for life assurance, and those mixed offices which hold high rank among life assurance companies frequently do but a small fire business. Yet it would seem that the connexions of the one department ought to help the business of the other, and to result in economy of management. The benefits of associating life and fire business seem to be obtained by the connexion of two separate companies, each of which, by devoting the whole of its energies to the prosecution of its particular business, avoids the drawbacks which result from combining two branches under one management.

The best-known association of two separate companies is that of the Provident Life and the County Fire. Both names are familiar throughout the whole country. Their representatives, both in town and

county, work in the same building, and the one office helps the other, while the whole energy of each is devoted to the development of its own affairs.

The report of the Provident shows that, whether or not its success is to be partially attributed to its association with the County Fire, it is undoubtedly doing well. Much of its prosperity must be attributed to improvements that have been made in its premium rates, its system of bonus distribution, and the general conditions of its policies. It will not be long before the office celebrates its centenary, and a few years ago it might perhaps have been urged that some of its methods were a little old-fashioned; no such criticism can now be made. Few companies issue a greater, or more attractive, variety of policies than the Provident; at the last valuation a large amount of surplus was carried forward undistributed, and during the four years of the valuation period which terminates with 1902 the rate of interest earned upon the funds has been well in excess of the rate assumed in valuing the liabilities.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### SIR CHARLES DILKE AS MILITARY CRITIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

South Africa, April 1902.

SIR,—The curious ignorance displayed by some of the best known of our politicians has been a noticeable feature of the war from its inception. Nevertheless it is especially surprising to find that so well-informed a military critic as Sir Charles Dilke should recently have shown a complete misappreciation of the existing situation. In the "Times" of 21 March he is reported to have said in the House of Commons—"the succession of convoy disasters that had occurred had attracted much attention lately. What caused the sending about of convoys? It was the system of trying to hold the country by a number of blockhouses, all of which had to be supplied with food and ammunition".

Now does Sir Charles seriously imagine that the convoys which at different times have come to grief have done so whilst trying to take food to blockhouses? As a matter of fact a convoy passing by day along a line of blockhouses is as safe as if it were marching through Piccadilly. No Boer would dream at this stage of the war of attacking by daylight anything on a blockhouse line. The risk would be too great, the chances of getting shot by the blockhouses too prominent, and the prospect of benefiting by such an undertaking too remote. Moreover such a convoy at night would halt under the protection of the blockhouses, since nothing could be gained by taking such needless risks as moving at night. The danger then to convoys—if to waggons performing such an office the name can be applied—supplying the cross-country, as distinguished from the railway, blockhouses is infinitesimal, nor has any accident in this respect been already reported. In fact the method of rationing and supplying them is simple and safe to a degree. Briefly it is as follows. Waggons replenish their stores at some dépôt where the blockhouse line joins the railway. They then deposit their stores at the headquarters of the sections and sub-sections into which the blockhouse line is divided. The new cross-country blockhouses, however, fulfil one more and most important condition, the one perhaps constituting their chief advantage. They add largely to the mobility of the columns. Formerly it was necessary for columns to return to the railway in order to refill. Thus frequently much time was wasted in doing so, and many a promising pursuit abandoned just at the psychological moment. Now, on the other hand, they are certain to be within comparatively easy reach of a blockhouse line wherever they are; and consequently they are able to replenish with much more ease and rapidity than was formerly the case, since it is now possible to keep large dépôts in the heart of the country to which they can turn in case of need.

In supposing that disasters have occurred to convoys which were supplying blockhouses Sir Charles Dilke shows that he hardly appreciates the varying conditions

under which a convoy is used in war-time, or more strictly speaking to what special set of circumstances such a name can be applied. Briefly the convoy or baggage of a mobile column would be met with whilst performing one of the following duties; proceeding under escort to a supply dépôt whilst still the column remained out in the country: returning to join the column when its supplies were obtained: moving about with the main body of the column: or moving with an escort independently of the main body, which at the time was engaged in some enterprise demanding a considerable rapidity of movement. It is in circumstances such as these that disasters have occurred to convoys. Incidentally, it may be remarked that a somewhat curious impression seems to exist as to what a convoy carries. Certainly the heaviest item is forage for the horses, and not food and luxuries for the human beings, as so many who raise the cry for more mobility imagine. Moreover such critics fail to appreciate the point, so apparent to anyone who has been on column in South Africa, that by the superior feeding which our horses obtain they are as a rule able to gallop down the horses of the Boers, if only given a reasonable chance.

Take one more statement in this same speech of Sir Charles Dilke's. He states "this system of blockhouses and slow drives was against all the teachings of military history, which showed that guerilla warfare should be met by counter-guerilla operations by highly mobile columns". Now during the first of the recent great drives after De Wet more than one column marched 90 miles—from Bethlehem to Honingspruit—in 48 hours. If this is slow, then in heaven's name what is fast? Nor is this in any way an isolated achievement of endurance. For a long time past it has frequently happened that columns have moved 70 miles in 24 hours. Surely the results of the recent drives sufficiently prove that reproaches on the score of slowness are out of place, and that after many a bitter experience we have learnt at last the lesson of mobility. But it is strange that such statements as Sir Charles Dilke's should have been permitted—presumably because no one present knew enough about the subject to contradict them—to pass unchallenged in the House of Commons, especially as the Minister of War was there at the time.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

X. Y. Z.

#### THE INVENTOR OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 May, 1902.

SIR,—I have read Professor Silvanus Thompson's "rejoinder" to the letter which appeared over my signature in your issue of the 3rd instant; also his note in correction of a verbal error in the said "rejoinder".

I should occupy too much of your space and, in any case, I must decline to take in hand the tediously long task of enlightening the Professor on the many points in which he falls into error when dealing with a subject of which his comprehension would seem to be regrettably imperfect.

On two points, however, I will say two words. The first is this: If Professor Lodge and his "satellites" (I take leave to borrow from Professor Thompson's charming vocabulary) really believe the view enunciated by Professor Thompson with regard to the wireless telegraphic situation in America to be justified by the facts, which for my own part I do not believe to be the case, then I can only wonder that they have not taken action with a view to its definitive establishment by the American Courts, which Courts, however, might perhaps, I think, be found unwilling to accept Professor Thompson in the rôle in which he now offers himself, as at once judge, jury, and expert witness, though several of the qualities of the last at any rate he must be admitted to possess to a very remarkable degree.

The second point is the insinuation with which Professor Thompson elects to conclude his "rejoinder", the insinuation, namely, that in at least one definite respect I have stolen credit due, in fact, to another person, an Italian, named Castelli. I am happy to

believe that I can afford to neglect malicious gossip of this nature. Since, however, the Professor has seen fit to give it currency over his signature, I will go so far as to inform him, although I trust I do not need to inform those who know me, that he has there, no doubt unwittingly, fallen into absolute and gratuitous untruth. And I permit myself to observe that it would have been more consonant with what I take to be the traditional etiquette of the scientific world, had Professor Thompson, before venturing on any criticisms based upon what is, in fact, an erroneous and quite unauthentic account of my Newfoundland experiments, waited until after I should myself have made public, as I hope shortly to have an occasion to do, the methods employed by me during the course of the experiments in question.

Beyond this I do not think it worth while to pursue the matter in this place, and these remarks, Sir, must accordingly terminate, so far as I am concerned, the little controversy into which I have, against my custom, allowed myself to be drawn by Professor Thompson.

Yours faithfully, G. MARCONI.

#### THE EDUCATION BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 17 May, 1902.

SIR,—You are so good as to say that in voting against the second reading of the Education Bill I "changed my mind with alacrity". I did nothing of the sort. All along I have approved the policy of "one authority" for all grades of schools in each locality. All along I have approved the policy of frankly abrogating the dangerous anachronism of endeavouring to maintain education by charitable contributions. But, desirable as these ends may be, it is surely possible to buy them at too big a price. As it stands the Government Bill exacts too big a price. I therefore asked the First Lord in my speech on the second reading for four concessions. If he would give these he was welcome to my vote, I told him. What were they?

1. That a majority of each Education Committee should consist of persons chosen from amongst the elected members of the Municipal Council. (If we are to go in for "municipalisation", let it be genuine and not spurious.") 2. That, assurances for the continuance of the denominational character of the religious instruction having been given, the Education Committee should be entitled to nominate a majority—as against the Government's scheme of a third—of the members of each body of school managers. 3. That, the City Council and the School Board agreeing, the School Board in any county borough should be continued as the authority for elementary education, the School Board and the City Council in such a case forming together a joint committee for Higher Education. And 4. That the further financial aid required for education should be furnished from the taxes rather than the rates.

These were the four propositions I advanced. I should like to have your views on them. As to Mr. Balfour he left number one to the House; upon number two he made no comment; number three he flatly rejected; and upon number four he talked at large about the Report of the Royal Commission on Local Taxation.

If to vote against the second reading after such a response was to change one's mind with alacrity I have no more to say.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
T. J. MACNAMARA.

[Mr. Macnamara closed his speech on the second reading with these words: "He could not view with equanimity the flat rejection of the Bill proposed by his right hon. friend on the Opposition front bench. This matter was too vital, too urgent, too serious for a great political party to meet it with the flat rejection which had been proposed". ("Times", 7 May, 1902.) Mr. Macnamara voted in favour of this "flat rejection" the next day. Is not that changing mind with alacrity? We shall have pleasure in stating our views on the specific points Mr. Macnamara raises at some future time.—ED. S. R.]

#### GIRLS' BOOKS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, W.C., 15 May, 1902.

SIR,—The profoundly wise utterances of Mrs. John Richard Green in the pages of this Review on the subject of "Girls' Books" deserve the thanks of thoughtful persons, as much for their fearlessness as for their essential soundness. From the first moments of natural life there is a difference in stature, conformation of outlines, and texture of muscles in the two sexes. But our modern education for girls entirely disregards this salient invariable difference and aims to fulfil the same methods and system—though very different results have to be looked for—as have been found advisable in the training of boys, which training, be it remembered, is directed with the view of producing and promoting manliness. This being the underlying theory of present-day feminine education, the middle-class young woman of eighteen or twenty years, after six or seven years' instruction, quits school without having learned one womanly craft of specific use to her sex (or even the principles of one). She can neither stitch a child's frock nor nurse the simplest child's ailment; and of cooking, bed-making, polishing—all crafts that are acquired not instinctive, of the methods by which a dwelling is kept clean and sanitary, of the right feeding of human beings, with all of which problems she will be required to deal and solve within a few months may be of her school farewell, she is in the profoundest ignorance. So that we have the amazing fact of a prolonged school course for girls that excludes every department of household knowledge that a woman, whatever her social rank, will need a practical acquaintanceship with, if she fulfil the normal destiny of guiding a household; and that is supposed to be acquired—if anyone ever takes the trouble to think about so unimportant a matter at all—in the years, months or weeks that elapse between leaving school or college (which equally ignores the peculiar needs of the female character and destiny) and the control of a household. And whilst ten years and more are not considered too long a period for a knowledge of mathematics or chemistry or physics, a few perfunctory weeks are deemed amply sufficient for a mastery of numerous delicate household arts which it is as essential for the well-being of a home should be possessed by the wife, as is the mastery of a bread-winning trade or profession by the husband. In many instances even this short preliminary training does not take place; and a young woman assumes control of a house, of servants, has the spending power, and the task of feeding and clothing and rearing a family without ever having received one hour's instruction therein!

Now the older education had its faults. But if the modern middle-class girl has lost the secret of that fine, subtle and potent art of "home-making" possessed by an older generation, has she by compensation acquired beautiful accomplishments never dreamed of yesterday? Does her High School instruction train her taste, supply her with that elemental knowledge of aesthetics, which enables her to distinguish the true from the false and deepens and quickens her sensibility? What part of the school time-table is concerned with the study of art with its refining spell, of poetry, (except for examination purposes), of melody: what part with the study of form and colour in flower, cloud, and sky and of those ideals of invisible beauty that alone soften, refine and spiritualise? Or is our girls' education one of hard facts mainly crammed for examination purposes, and are our educational methods fitter to turn out hardy and robust wage-earners than types of gracious, soft womanhood? Finally, is it not true that the ideals and interests of our girls and young women are the rough boisterous triumphs of the cricket-field and the hockey-ground?

Those of us who feel there is a whole wide width of heaven between this school system and true education for girls are aware that the alternative to tough-fibred "boys' stories" in cheap, crude magazines is not to be found in the shape of feeble, insipid, false "girls' tales", but in beautiful simple fiction that is classical; fiction that is fragrant

with tender love between budding girl and youth, that paints woman fair, modest, sagacious, as she might be and is and has been, and youth ardent and noble, as Scott has painted youth for us in his immortal gallery; that reveals to us how lovely domestic life may be if hearts are fresh, pure, and capable of admiring something else than money and expensive houses and dresses. Dickens, Scott, George Eliot and Mrs. Gaskell with their entrancing and many coloured pages of life, and the great minor artists, Mrs. Ewing, Charles Kingsley, Miss Yonge, and Mrs. Richmond Ritchie (the girl who has not read and delighted in her exquisite story of "Elizabeth" is to be pitied) with a host more writers, having this one quality of imaginativeness in common, are they not adequate in number and sufficiently varied in interest to please the heart of girlhood and youthful womanhood? And from the spirit of this literature great truths will have been absorbed unconsciously and a love of all beautiful things flow therefrom and endure.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

FRANCES H. LOW.

[We cannot here discuss with Miss Frances Low the whole question of the education of girls. That we may have the pleasure of doing later on. In the meantime it seems clear that she agrees with us in proscribing the conventional "Books for Girls". That is our first object. Get them out of the way and a new start may be made. We have expressly stated that such standard authors as Miss Low mentions are the right reading for "youthful womanhood". (We must thank Miss Low for that phrase, for the word girl in these days seems merely to mean "not married".) But for children under 16 these authors will not do, for the obvious reason that children cannot appreciate half their qualities. Books that have once been inadequately read are never appreciated fully. Children require children's books and we adhere to our position that the only children's books worth reading are "Boys' Books".—ED. S. R.]

#### GUILLEMOT OR FULMAR?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Winchfield, Hants, 21 May, 1902.

SIR,—The moment I read Mr. Selous' account of the peculiar call of that "half-angel, half-bird", the fulmar petrel (whose flesh by the way has hitherto been sometimes described as "half fish-oil, half-bird"—I make no aspersions on angels) I was struck with the fact that it described admirably the breeding cry of the guillemot and razorbill—that extraordinary loud murmuring sound which from time to time rises from the densely thronged ledges the bird frequents above the roar of the breakers at the foot of the cliffs, until it masters the shrill cries of the gulls and for a brief time seems to fill the whole air with its volume before it again dies away; much indeed as described by Mr. Selous. Can it be possible that Mr. Selous has allowed the reverberating cry of the "rock-birds" to intermingle in his ears with the call of the fulmars and thus credited the latter with vocal powers which seem to be almost past belief? I can remember that Colonel Montagu in his delightful Ornithological Dictionary (written a century ago) gave "murre" as the local name of guillemot or razorbill or both. When first I made acquaintance with these birds in their nesting haunts, and heard their extraordinary murmuring cry, I rightly or wrongly imagined that their local name must be derived from their note.

I have often heard this peculiar cry of the guillemots and razorbills at nesting stations where the fulmar certainly never nests, as for example the east coast of Ireland. Of course I may be absolutely wrong but it is at least remarkable that such a keen observer as MacGillivray, as well as all the more modern authorities with whom I am acquainted, to the best of my belief, make no mention of the astounding vocal powers attributed by Mr. Selous to the fulmar petrel.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A STORMY PETREL.

#### REVIEWS.

##### THE CHURCH AND NONCONFORMITY.

(SECOND NOTICE)

"Godly Union and Concord: Sermons preached mainly in Westminster Abbey in the interests of Christian Fraternity." By H. Hensley Henson. London: Murray. 1902. 6s. net.

"Cross-Bench Views of Current Church Questions." By H. Hensley Henson. London: Arnold. 1902. 12s. 6d.

WE willingly recognise that the theory of the Apostolic Succession of the ministry has often been stated in a crude fashion which is at once unhistoric and uninspirational. Nevertheless, the perversion of a thing is no argument against the thing itself; and we are altogether unable on this account to accept the statements which Canon Henson and others have made upon the subject. We will state shortly the grounds for holding that the ministry of the Church, broadly speaking, does derive its origin from the Apostles by an orderly and uninterrupted transmission through those who were themselves authorised to transmit it; and that consequently it differs radically from any ministry which has not such an origin. In doing so we will, for the purpose of the argument, make every possible concession to the opponent and interpret every doubtful point in his favour.

We will grant, then, for the purpose of the argument, that in the latter part of the age of the Apostles there were ministers of the Church who had been appointed in various ways. Some there were who had received their ordination at the hands of the Apostles; some had been chosen and "set apart with prayer" by the church in which they ministered; some, it may be, had never received any formal setting apart at all, but had been chosen, consciously or by a kind of unconscious selection, on account of seniority or of some special gift. Others again, by a kind of survival of the Old Testament order, ministered by virtue of the extraordinary call of the prophet. But in any case, and this is what should be especially noticed, we find no trace whatever of that alleged uniform "Presbyterian system" which, according to some people, preceded Episcopacy. (Indeed Canon Henson suggests as much, or by implication takes it for granted more than once.) The earliest ministerial agencies of the Church, in a word, appear to have been to a considerable extent chaotic, or at least rudimentary. The agency of the Apostles was there, and the action of the Church was there; moreover, a pre-Christian idea of inspiration, which regarded prophecy as the gift of isolated individuals rather than the endowment of the whole body and all its members, gave rise to a widespread ministry of unordained persons. But by degrees this Old Testament survival died away: inspiration was seen to be the birthright of the whole body and every member of it, and the ministry was recognised as being regular and representative; not separate from the body but on behalf of it and in its name. Accordingly, the order of prophets (prophecy as a part of the ministry, that is) by degrees ceased to exist. Moreover by degrees the ordained ministry became uniform and regular. This took place by the emergence out of the chaos, not of a system of ministers created by congregations, though the congregations had a voice in the choosing of their ministers; not of a presbyterian system in which the whole ministerial body propagated itself, so to speak, though they also had a share in the matter; but of the ordered system of the historic episcopate.

The facts which are here broadly summarised are not unknown to historic students. Such students are familiar with the accumulated evidence which sets before us the early activities of the prophets and their gradual decline. They do not need to be told of the survival of something analogous to their unordained ministry in the provision, in the *Canones Hippolyti*, the *Testamentum Domini*, and the *Syriac Didascalia*, that certain confessors for the faith may be ranked with the

ministry ; not indeed, significantly enough, as bishops, but as presbyters or deacons. They are aware also of the evidence which sets before us, fragmentarily but convincingly, the comparatively slow growth of the episcopate in certain places. But they know that whereas the former of these only disappeared early in the third century, the latter was universal considerably before the end of the second. When the chaos gives way to order one thing and one thing only is found : the orderly transmission of the ministry from those who had already received it and who were authorised to convey it. It is the only system which ever has prevailed, as a system, in the Church : it has prevailed at all times. The other elements have died out. One element alone has survived, by a process of natural or spiritual selection, that natural or spiritual selection in which the Christian is accustomed to see God's handiwork : the transmission of ministry from the apostles downwards, at the hands of those who have been authorised to transmit it. This, it must be remembered, is the essence of what is commonly called "episcopalianism" ; not an oligarchic government, not a particular system of church administration, but the perpetuation of the Christian ministry as an organic whole. From this point of view it is not a vital matter whether bishops govern, or diocesan synods, or abbots ; the name "bishop" itself is not a matter of the slightest importance. But if there is such a thing as the grace of ministry at all (and with those who do not recognise such a grace we are not now concerned), whether a man has really been admitted to that ministry or not must inevitably be a question of the greatest and most vital importance.

Is not the English Church right, then, in upholding (with by far the greater part of Christendom in all ages) that ministry which alone can lay claim to represent the mind of the Church, which came into being by no overt act of hers, but as the inevitable outcome of her life ? Is it absurd or extravagant to believe that this corresponds more nearly than other systems with a divine ideal, that the ministry is an organic whole within the body of the Church, even as the Church is an organic whole ? And, if it is neither absurd nor extravagant, would it not be wrong to endanger such a ministry by regarding those who have it not as if they had it ? It may be quite true, though we do not assert that it is undoubtedly the case, that there once officiated in the Church those who had received no laying on of hands ; but does it follow that they can rightly be recognised as part of the ministry who so officiate now ? It may be quite true that there were ministers who had received their laying on of hands from those who were not then known as bishops : does it follow that the Church should recognise as valid the ministry of those who derive their ordination from presbyters who had received no authority to lay on hands ? It would not be a true "revival" at all ; but even if it were it would not of necessity be justified. Those who so argue would hardly venture to apply their argument to other cases—to that of the canon of Scripture for example, or the practice of polygamy, or the institution of slavery.

On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that (whatever individuals may do) the Church does not go out of her way to condemn either the orders or the sacraments of any body ; nor does she deny, but rather affirms, that the grace of God is shed abroad more widely than by any sacramental channel. The Catholic faith does not consist in negations but in affirmations. It is one thing to say "these are no ministers, no true sacraments" : that the Church has never done, however nearly human self-assertion and human sectarianism may have approached it. It is quite another thing to say "a great gift has been committed to us in the ministry, the sacraments, of the Church, and we cannot imperil it by treating those ministries or sacraments which do not possess its characteristics as though they did". This has throughout been the general position of the English Church with regard to the ministries and sacraments of the various reformed bodies ; and such we hope it will continue to be.

We have left ourselves very little space for the consideration of the less important question that has been raised by Canon Henson in his book, namely, that of the admission of nonconformists to communion. With regard to this we would only point out : (1) It is quite

true that, like Bishop Creighton and, for the matter of that, the late Rev. T. T. Carter, many Anglican divines of the seventeenth and subsequent centuries, perhaps the majority, were willing to admit the members of foreign Protestant churches to communion. (2) It is also true that, under the harsh provisions of the Acts of Uniformity (which nobody would wish to see revived now) large numbers of English nonconformists, the bulk of whom must have been unconfirmed, were occasional communicants in the English Church. (3) But there is one great difficulty in the way of Mr. Henson's suggestion that they should be invited to become communicants without previous confirmation or readiness for it. By the very fact of communicating at the altars of the Church, these nonconformists, even though they might not sever their connexion with the bodies to which they previously belonged, would become conformists, since they would be claiming their rights as members of the Church in virtue of their baptism. This being so, they would ex hypothesi be bound by the rule of the Church that none are to be admitted to communion but such as are confirmed or ready and desirous to be confirmed. (4) But although, for this reason, it is hard to see how the Church could alter her practice in the matter, that practice is no uncharitable one. A case which occurred in the diocese of Canterbury, in Archbishop Tait's time, recalled to people's mind the fact that it is the bishop, not the parish priest, who is ultimately responsible for the admission of persons to communion or their exclusion. And it must be borne in mind that it has not been customary in the English Church, as it would certainly be contrary to the whole Anglican spirit, to make inquisition in the matter. The Church has its rules : if people choose to evade them, the responsibility lies with themselves, not with the Church.

We have given our reasons for thinking that Canon Henson's writings do not really prove his point. Nevertheless, we believe that the relations between the Church of England and nonconformity must inevitably be one of the vital questions of the century upon which we have entered, and that it will be well that they should be approached in a spirit of large-hearted tolerance. Much evil has resulted in the past from a failure in this respect, as for example when an explicit renunciation of their former ministry was required of nonconformist ministers before they could receive ordination ; as by Bishop Wilkins of Chester. A conditional ordination would satisfy the requirements of the Church ; it might also satisfy the conscience of the ministers. A more serious question, probably, and one of more immediate practical importance, would be that of their standing in the ministry, the length of the diaconate, and the provision to be made for their maintenance. In questions such as this there is room, whenever the case may arise, for the most sympathetic charity, for the fullest consideration of individual difficulties, if only in penitence for the share which the Church has had in the divisions of the past. And there are many who in thinking of all this will be able to enter into the spirit of the noble words with which Mr. Henson closes his appeal, even though they are unable to accept his conclusions :

"If there be, as I believe, a large and increasing number of thoughtful men, both within and without the formal membership of the churches, who, as they look round on the fierce conflicts of Christian men, are stricken with an immense anguish ; who, as they take account of the prevailing forces in society, are filled with a profound anxiety ; who, as they falteringly repeat the accustomed formulæ of faith, and draw sword reluctantly for the accredited shibboleths, are deeply and painfully conscious that they are doing violence to their own clearest perceptions of truth and right ; if there be any Christians anywhere who feel as an intolerable oppression the strange and pervading contradiction between the spirit of the Gospel and that which is paramount in the churches—then I know in advance that, however grave may be the faults of my work, yet its design and motive will command acceptance. It is to such men, and to such only, that I address myself."

## A RARE AMBASSADOR.

"Career and Correspondence of Sir William White."  
By H. Sutherland Edwards. London: Murray.  
1902. 12s. net.

SIR WILLIAM WHITE was so original a force in the diplomacy of Eastern Europe during the very critical period between 1870 and 1890, and his ultimate triumph over the neglect and snobbishness of the Foreign Office was so complete, that we took up this book with eagerness. From its title we expected to get a picture of the mind and habits, the sayings and doings, of a man who, without family influence or wealth, won his way by mere knowledge of his subject and pertinacity of purpose to what was at that time the highest post in the diplomatic service. We are disappointed: for with the exception of the first chapter, called "General View", and the last chapter, "General Characteristics", there is very little about Sir William White himself between these covers, and a great deal about the Eastern question. Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards is a practised and well-informed writer, and the Eastern question is, or was, interesting. But the art of biography, as we understand it, is not to smother your man in the events with which he was connected, but to group those events round him as the central figure of every chapter. In truth were it not for the two chapters above-mentioned, and for some racy and characteristic letters from Sir Robert Morier, that "enfant terrible" of the diplomatic service, this biography of a very remarkable man would be a somewhat dull and diffuse disquisition on the Eastern question by Mr. Sutherland Edwards. It strikes us as a missed opportunity.

When Sir William White did at last become Ambassador at Constantinople, the most extraordinary stories were current about his origin. He was even said to be a descendant from Stanislas, the last king of Poland. In fact Sir William White's parentage was irreproachable on both sides. His father began life, like himself, as a consul-general: he ended it as Governor of Trinidad. His mother was the daughter of General Neville Gardiner, the last English Envoy to the Court of Poland in the days of King Stanislas Augustus, and uncle of the Viscount Mountjoy who in 1816 was created Earl of Blessington. The General's widow lived at a country place in Poland, where her daughter met Sir William White's father. The future Ambassador, after being educated at King William's College Isle of Man and Trinity College Cambridge, went to live with his grandmother and mother in Poland, and for fourteen years farmed the small estate. It was thus that young White learned to speak Polish like a Pole, though the accomplishment was regarded with suspicion by the clerks of the Foreign Office and the attachés of the legation on the Bosphorus. In his thirty-fourth year White entered the Consulate at Warsaw as a clerk. It will hardly be believed, but this man, who knew the ways and doings of Russia, and the languages, habits, creeds and aspirations of the peoples of the Balkan Peninsula as no other Englishman, and probably no other man, knew them, remained a consular agent with a salary that never exceeded £600 for thirty years (1857 to 1886), and was left to languish in hard working and ill-paid obscurity at Warsaw, Dantzig, Belgrade, and Bucharest! Men there were, of course, who knew his merits: Sir Robert Morier, Lord Odo Russell, and Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice were cognisant of his rare knowledge and still rarer industry. But White was poor: he was a Roman Catholic: and he had no smart or powerful relatives in London. So the bigwigs at the Foreign Office read his reports on the various phases of the Eastern question with increasing surprise, and used them without acknowledgment. When they were in difficulty, they were obliged to have recourse to his services; but they never promoted him. It is true that Lord Salisbury, when he became Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister in 1885, at last perceived that Sir William White was the only Englishman who understood the Eastern question, and he was really anxious to grant him the object of his ambition; but as usual an incompetent was allowed to block the way. Sir Robert Morier had taken the place of Sir Edward Thornton at S. Petersburg,

and as a first-rate post had to be found for the latter he was sent to Constantinople, knowing as much about the Eastern question as the average man about Chinese music. Lord Salisbury thus quaintly and kindly puts the difficulty in a letter to Sir William White dated 30 September, 1885. "I am very anxious to recognise your undoubted claims, and to make use of your great experience and ability in a suitable employment. But I am forced to remember what Gortchakoff said, when they asked him why he did not promote his son: 'Can I poison the ambassadors?' The vacancies are very few, only two. Brazil I know you have already declined, and I cannot manage by any shuffling of the cards to vacate any post which you would be disposed to take. Brazil is naturally not popular. The alternative before you, I am afraid, therefore, is either Pekin, or to wait till something more favourable presents itself." And Sir William White did wait; for it is characteristic of the man that though Lord Salisbury went on in the same letter to point out to him the extreme importance which the Chinese Mission was assuming, and the opening there was at Pekin, he never wavered for a moment from his determination to be British Ambassador at Constantinople. White was far too clever to give up Eastern Europe, which he knew as the palm of his hand, for China, of which he knew nothing. Nor had he to wait long, for the situation in Turkey was then so critical that though Sir Edward Thornton had been appointed he was not allowed to go to his post, and Sir William White was made Ambassador ad interim! Finally in the following year, 1886, he crowned his life by achieving the object of his ambition. The British Embassy at Constantinople is a great and splendid appointment, well paid, surrounded with luxurious ceremony and power. Sir William White enjoyed his heart's desire for six years. In 1892, travelling to Berlin to see his wife, who was a German, he caught a mortal cold, and died at the age of sixty-eight.

It is not worth while going back to the politics of the Eastern question as it presented itself to the Great Powers in the seventies and eighties. Recent events, especially in the Far East, have changed the proportion of things, and consequently our views about Russia and Turkey. The Balkan peninsula is not so interesting as it was then: but anyone who wishes to read brilliant and sagacious comments on the European politics of that day cannot do better than turn to the pungent letters of Sir Robert Morier in this volume. There are two schools of diplomacy, the suave and the strong. Lord Granville and Lord Dufferin may be taken as types of the former: Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Sir William White as representatives of the latter school. In dealing with the Turks, and indeed with all Orientals, a strong and even domineering manner is the most effective. Sir William White had no amusements, and took no interest in anything but his work. Before attending an evening reception, which he regarded as business, he would go to bed in the afternoon, in order that he might be perfectly alert when he met the ambassadors of other nations. We wish the diplomatic service had a larger sprinkling of Whites.

## THE ENGLISH JUSTINIAN.

"Heroes of the Nations: Edward Plantagenet." By Edward Jenks. London: Putnams. 1902. 5s. net.

BIOGRAPHY and constitutional and legal history form a rather unmanageable combination in a book of less than four hundred pages. There is sure to be too much or too little of some one of these elements, and the artistic balance will inevitably be more or less unstable. We find the too little in that part of Mr. Jenks' book which gives it its alternative title of "The Making of the Common Law"; the too much in that which relates to the affairs of Aquitaine and Gascony in the reign of Henry III. As Mr. Jenks had so little space at his disposal, we had rather he had dispensed with some of this preliminary narrative. It would have been better more shortly to place the two great antagonists Edward and Simon de Montfort face to face in the Barons' War without

occupying so much time over their lieutenancies in Gascony. In a biography of Edward we could take more of the reign of Henry for granted, and the important part of Edward's life begins with his checkmate of Simon de Montfort. These remarks do not apply to the French war which arose out of the seizure of Gascony by Philip of France in 1293. Here we are interested in an event which had the most direct connexion with the subsequent course of English history in its most essential features. The seizure led to the war; a quite intelligible cause even now when we know nothing of, and care as little for, the doctrines about fiefs and the rights and wrongs of feudal heiresses and wards. Like most of these wars it "fizzled out" and came to nothing. But it is connected with several of the most important events of Edward's reign. Edward needed money and he summoned the Model or Great Parliament which was even more comprehensive in its constitution than the famous Parliament of Simon de Montfort thirty years earlier. Unlike this it became a permanent feature of the nation's life for five centuries; and after the exclusion of the clergy retained its essential character until 1832. Edward by this parliament did more than recognise the claim of the growing classes outside the narrow sphere of feudalism to take part in national affairs. He established the principle that a King of England was entitled to draw on the resources of all his people with their consent in Parliament. He anticipated the Bull *Clericis Laicos* which forbade "all clerical persons regular or secular, and all clerical foundations, including the universities, to grant, under any disguise whatever, any material, and especially any pecuniary support, to any potentate whomsoever, without the express authority of the papal see". Against excommunication Edward put forth the corresponding State power of outlawry against the clergy who supported the Pope against the King, and the King was victorious.

We may also read in connexion with the disputes during this war and Edward's difficulties with his barons, one of those statutes which marked the passage from mediaeval to modern England, from the régime of "status" to that of "contract". As a constitutional king Edward would of course have been too early by several hundred years, but it was his lot to be on the English throne when this social and economic change in the character of the nation's life was becoming more distinctly recognisable. His clear perception of this fact and the ability, energy, and persistence with which he initiated and supervised the legislative and administrative measures required by the changing circumstances constitute his claims to the title of "the English Justinian". Mr. Jenks explains lucidly and interestingly, for the benefit of the law student or the lay reader, in what respects the character of English law in its difference from Roman law, and the work of the two English and Roman legislators, makes this description of the English King inappropriate. Edward came at the beginning of a period of growth for by the beginning of his reign the native customary law had taken shape as the law of the nation to be administered by the King's Courts as against the civil law and it grew systematically from that period. We do not like Mr. Jenks' phrase that "the common law came into existence during his [Edward's] lifetime". Justinian built a monument to the glories of the Roman law. Edward's legislation and administration inaugurated a new epoch. It is a suggestive question whether there may not be at present signs that the era of commercialism in land, which began then, is entering upon stages which may bring us nearer to Edward's starting point than has been conceivable to later generations of buyers and sellers of land. Mr. Jenks explains very ingeniously how the conflict of opposing forces ultimately issued in the triumph of the principles which Edward embodied in his legislation. The Statute of Merchants gave remedies for debt against land which were inconsistent with feudalism. By a fatality which can only be explained by the fact that the new order was about to break down the old, the legislation which the Barons forced on Edward either completely failed, as was the case with the statute *De Donis*, which was intended by them to establish a system of unbreakable entails and consequent freedom

from liability for debt; or, as in the case of the statute *Quia Emptores*, was by obscure or cunning drafting made to subserve the very end it was supposed to prevent. William perhaps a hundred years from its passing the Courts had circumvented *De Donis*, and *Quia Emptores* became the charter by which land passes freely from hand to hand. This legislation was far more indicative of Edward's aims as a sovereign than his attempts at parliamentary government. It would be as anachronistic to credit him with the intention of being a constitutional sovereign in our sense of the term as to credit Simon de Montfort with that aim, because the calling of a national assembly composed of others than the magnates was a useful temporary instrument in fighting an anti-national party of foreigners with whom he had personal feuds. England had no room so early for a parliament which wanted to govern. Edward crushed De Montfort because the latter tried to make more of his temporary expedient than circumstances allowed; De Montfort was the engineer hoist with his own petard. Edward after enraging all classes of his subjects by illegal exactions was on the point of combining them all against him when by the stroke of the genius of a born ruler he gathered them "in front of the Great Hall of Westminster" passionately explained his difficulties to them, threw himself on their generosity, and rallied them to the throne in spite of his "unconstitutionalism" in raising taxes which was the only point of the parliamentary procedure to which they had any objection. To conclude the story of events connected with the war with France there remains to be mentioned the first scheme of national defence provided for by Edward—the organisation of a coast-guard for the whole shore of England.

It was in acts of administration such as this that Edward's reign was most fruitful. He was the first scientific tax-gatherer, and he regulated and watched the exchequer throughout the whole of his reign, resolved that the collectors of taxes should neither cheat the Crown nor make themselves wealthy by illegal exactions. Central control in this as in all other matters was the aim of his policy. Local administration, local courts, local customs, were beginning to give way in the larger conception of national life, and in all departments of state Edward aimed at replacing the system founded on local territorial jurisdiction, exclusive local franchises, or exemptions from general law, by the centralised authority of the Crown. His most powerful instrument for this purpose was shaped by him out of the royal jurisdiction in the superior courts of law and the extension of their operations into all disputes between private litigants as well as into those in which the greater subjects of the Crown were concerned. Politically this jurisdiction was one of the most effective means used for reducing the power of the territorial aristocracy; legally it forms one of the most instructive chapters of the historic growth of the law from the crudest to the most refined conceptions. Edward established the authority of his Courts, and his legislation largely consists of enactments relating to procedure whereby not only might cases be tried in the King's Courts but effective remedies be provided for those who sought their protection. While legislation was in its infancy, and Roman law in its revived study was competing with Canon law, and both with the body of customary law that had grown up during the centuries and had been administered in the old local courts, the King's Courts had been at work on them reducing them to some sort of general rule and principle which could be law for the whole kingdom. What lawyers knew as the Common law had become a definite conception and for hundreds of years the process of ascertaining, expounding, and adapting it to conditions ever changing went on and is not yet exhausted, though now it does not stand out in such clear relief from the mass of statute law as it did a hundred or even fifty years ago. With Bracton, who embodied this conception in a book of the Common law a few years before Edward's accession, began the process of stating it and studying it as a definite system. Edward's Courts brought it home to every Englishman as the law under which he was to live. This seems so interesting a theme, and Mr. Jenks is so well qualified to deal

with it, as he has shown in his "Law and Politics in the Middle Ages", and in his too summary treatment of it in his present book, that we regret he has not been more rigid in acting on his opinion that Edward's reign can only be understood from the legal side. But he has had to sacrifice this to the picturesque view of Edward as a military hero of the nations.

#### WORLD-WIDE HISTORY.

"The World's History: a Survey of Man's Record." Edited by Dr. H. F. Helmholz. Volumes I. and IV. London: Heinemann. 1902. 15s. net each.

DR. WILLIAM SMITH used to say that two books would always be found in a German parlour, a Bible and a History of the World. How many histories of the world were published in Germany during the last century? Certainly a hundred, probably many more. Why, then, have there been so few histories of the world in English? We can only recall two, those of Frazer Tytler and of Philip Smith, to which may be added Freeman's "General Sketch". One reason is that until recently history has not received the attention which should have been given to it. We have had great English historians, Gibbon, Robertson, Hume, Thirlwall, Gardiner, Grote, Lecky and Hallam, but they have been men of letters as well as historical writers, and they belong to the aristocracy of authors. The style is at least as important as the substance of their writings. They deal also with certain chosen periods and leave many fields untouched. There are wide stretches of the world's history, even of European history, of which it is impossible to find a narrative in the English language, but there is probably no epoch which is left un-narrated in German. In the fifteen volumes of Weber's "Weltgeschichte" can be found at least some reference to every important occurrence of which any record exists, besides an adequate history of literature and thought. Another reason is that we have only recently been able to look at history from the point of view from which alone a history of the world can be written. So long as the birth of Christ was regarded as the central event of all history, political as well as moral, secular as well as spiritual, and the history of the Jews as one of the most important of all ancient histories, so long was it impossible to write a history which substituted the formation of the Roman Empire for the Incarnation, and which reduced the annals of the Hebrews to very scanty proportions. Also our classical studies have hindered us. So long as ancient history was confined to the stories of Greece and Rome as narrated by Herodotus and Thucydides, by Livy, Caesar and Tacitus, a true conception of the march of the ages was impossible. We now live under a different dispensation and amid the environment of another spirit. It may be that the twentieth century will produce in England as many histories of the world as the nineteenth produced in Germany.

Till that is the case we must content ourselves with translations from the German, and among German *Weltgeschichten* that edited by Dr. Helmholz, now in course of publication, takes a very high place. His history is written on a different plan from that of its competitors. It is quite as much geographical and anthropological as historic. Indeed, the historian will not find in it the information which he will discover in Weber. The whole work is contained in eight volumes. Of these the first comprises an introduction, a general sketch of prehistoric times, with special accounts of America and the Pacific. The second contains Oceania and Eastern Asia, with the Indian Ocean. The third, which has already appeared, deals with Western Asia and Africa, the fourth, which is also published, with the shores of the Mediterranean. The fifth is devoted to Eastern Europe and the Baltic, the sixth to the Kelts and the conflict between the Teutonic and the Romance nations in Europe. The two final volumes treat of Western Europe and the Atlantic, of these the first is already published in German. The work concludes with a general retrospect and a list of authorities.

The books which we are now reviewing are an English

translation or rather adaptation of the first and fourth of these volumes. So far as we have been able to compare them with the original, we find them excellently well done, but it is hard to see why the translation of a work into English should cost twice as much as the German prototype, when presumably authors' rights have not to be paid for, and all that is needed is a competent renderer. The text is thoroughly up to date. The reader will be put in possession of the latest theories and the most recent facts. The English version has an advantage over the original by containing a masterly dissertation upon the object and value of Universal History from the pen of Mr. Bryce, one of the very few Englishmen who possess the learning and the statesmanlike grasp to write anything of the kind. Every historian must welcome the present volumes, and will look eagerly for their successors. Their appearance give a great stimulus to the study of the world's history in England, and although they will not supply the place of the more narrative histories which are certain to follow, they will perhaps strike the imagination, and arouse and satisfy a feeling of legitimate curiosity to a greater extent than the purely narrative histories could have done.

#### "EX AFRICA — ."

"Ménlik et Nous." Par Hugues Le Roux. Paris: Nilsson. 1902. 10 fr.

"The Sherbro' and its Hinterland." By T. S. Alldridge. London: Macmillan. 1901. 15s.

WHILE the war lasts, it is difficult to induce people to remember that there is an Africa north of the Zambesi, in which we and other nations have interests. Nevertheless writers make the attempt and if they were all as readable as M. Le Roux they would no doubt make it successfully. He is known to students of French politics as one of the cleverest pens at the disposal of the colonial party: and presumably the fact is well realised, for he went to Abyssinia on an invitation from M. Ilg, Menelik's foreign minister, and the Government subsidised him to the extent of 18,000 francs. His book is therefore semi-official in character and we must not be surprised if he takes pains to modify whatever may be disagreeable in retrospect. No one would guess, for example, from his account of the Negus' career that Menelik when King of Shoa was defeated by the Negus Johannis and went through the same ceremony of submission,—prostration in the dust with a heavy stone round the neck—which M. Le Roux describes as imposed by Menelik on a rebellious vassal. Moreover even a Frenchman would probably admit that French estimates of the Abyssinian character and the country's resources are apt to be optimistic: the disillusioned candour of M. Michel in his "Vers Fachoda" is exceptional. However when all allowances are made, there remains the fact that M. Le Roux is a very intelligent man who had great opportunities for seeing and used them. He was permitted to push his exploration west of Addis Abeba and was able to visit the junction of the Didessa with the Abbey or Blue Nile and of the Angur with the Didessa—thus mapping important points which were previously conjectural. But the main interest of his book lies in his impressions of persons and racial character; and it is well to say that his opening chapter contains a description of Aden which is simply admirable. He has seen with the informed imagination what is really significant in the place: a population of 40,000 living on a rock as if aboard a man-of-war: Arabs drilled to observe sanitary regulations (an exploit, he says, much more remarkable than any training of animals for a circus); the physical aspect of the spot, its queer beauty in certain lights; but above all its strategic significance, as the indispensable outpost of Asiatic and African empire. One might look far for a better commendation of English policy and English administration than is here given. Here also will be found an enthusiastic account of the Djibuti-Harar railway, likely to be less revolutionary in effect than French writers predict. The often described journey to Addis Abeba has never been better described; and M. Le Roux's later experiences when he set out westward into a country which is beyond the bounds of Abyssinia proper

make good reading. Everywhere, too, in his journeys we find recorded clear pictures of the persons whom he encountered—most notable of them Ras Makonnen, Governor of Harar, and the only one of the great nobles who has visited Europe. M. Le Roux paints him as having the air of an ecclesiastic, subtle and embarrassing, from the fine hands to the dropped eyes; yet a man who had led his troops where the fire was hottest. The description merits study, for Makonnen is the likeliest successor to Menelik—and the ruler of Abyssinia whether Menelik or another, is a personage to be reckoned with. Enough has been said to direct readers to a thoroughly readable and even amusing book, embellished with excellent pictures.

We turn to the latest volume from the opposite side of Africa. Englishmen have been occasional residents on the Sierra Leone coast for centuries, and in permanent occupation for over a hundred years but until the last decade no attempt was made to extend any real influence inland. And so, although Bonthe, ninety miles by sea from Sierra Leone, with its surrounding district of Sherbro' has long been a centre for collecting British revenue, we have very little solid knowledge of the country from which that revenue is ultimately derived. Miss Mary Kingsley for instance knew nothing of the Sierra Leone country and its peculiar customs, though Ellis, a greater authority, worked it thoroughly in parts. There is therefore ample room for the contribution made to African study by Mr. Alldridge who went out in 1888 when the first steps were taken towards extending our control inward from the coast, and his book has the great advantage of being excellently illustrated. Without professing any knowledge of their inner workings, he has described in great detail the ceremonies of initiation into the secret societies which govern the life of men and women in the Mendi country: and he is able to show how an appeal now lies, and is made, from the arbitrary decrees of the fetish chiefs to the British authorities. The detail of the various "devils" and their ministrants will interest ethnologists: for the ordinary person these things are merely curious. It is however plain that a wise government may turn to profit such an institution as the Women's Bundu Society which efficaciously protects the girls who wear its distinguishing marks. Mr. Alldridge does not regard the societies altogether with favour: they are an easy means of spreading disaffection. But where the habit of secret combination has taken hold, attempts to stamp it out only accentuate the evil. The Mohammedan Mori men, dispensers of charms and medicines, are also a questionable element in the population; but if, as is very often stated, it is a fact that the negro who adopts Islam is on the average superior to the black Christian, it is a question whether the government might not with advantage countenance and even subsidise Mohammedan instruction as it does in the Egyptian Soudan. The best part of the book in our opinion is the section that deals with commerce and native products. There is a very full and clear account of the great palm oil industry, but we agree with Mr. Alldridge that the merchants are shortsighted in attending only to this one staple. If pineapples that would fetch half a sovereign here (as Mr. Alldridge affirms) can be bought in Sherbro' for a halfpenny—to say nothing of bananas—it seems clear that we are only at the beginning of the carrying trade in fruit which Mr. Chamberlain has so wisely fostered. A more serious question is that of the potentialities of cotton. The Chamber of Commerce in Manchester has reported favourably on the output, yet the trade is practically nil. It seems as though both intelligence and energy were a little to seek in the cotton towns and Sierra Leone. Mr. Alldridge hints at a cause which we have heard strongly insisted on: that the English houses do not reward their agents highly enough for good service, and do not make efforts to keep a valuable man. As a civilising agency, the cultivation of a crop such as cotton is worth far more than the exploiting of a jungle product like palm kernels. Rubber again is an undeveloped resource, for a variety of reasons. So is, it seems to us, kola nut, which is an article high in demand through Africa from West to East. As it is, it forms a considerable item of the Sherbro' trade, but all goes to the Gambia and Senegal.

Has anything been done to organise a water-borne supply to the great Hausa countries, where, if M. Monteil be accurate, the price of the nut increases in geometrical progression as the buyer lives further from the coast?

Mr. Alldridge has a good deal to say of the rising in 1898 when he went through a perilous time, and learnt what a lovely object in the vista the funnels of a British gunboat may become. He cites a fine instance of the honesty of the negro police carrying up a bag of £1,000 in specie at the risk of their lives through a district in full rebellion. In short there is a great deal of interesting and valuable information in what we regret to have to describe as rather a dull book. Mr. Alldridge is a bad narrator and lacks those qualities of directness and concentration that sometimes atone for the absence of a distinctively literary gift. But he impresses us as studiously accurate and when he says that he measured a python thirty-three feet long, we have no hesitation in commending the fact to naturalists.

#### NOVELS.

"The Valley of Decision." By Edith Wharton. London: Murray. 1902. 6s.

This is the uneven work of a clever writer who can and will do much better. The book is of inordinate length, and though Mrs. Wharton has a good narrative style yet she does not succeed in holding us entirely absorbed throughout. The book would have been twice as good if it had been twice as short. The picture of the eighteenth century in Italy is extremely well drawn within its limits; but it deals only with the worldly and vicious eighteenth century, and gives no hint of the quiet, steady, contented, pious existence which, then as now, was being led by hundreds and thousands of people in every class of life throughout the length and breadth of the peninsula. In so large a canvas there should have been more light and less shade. Mrs. Wharton displays an historical knowledge of no common order, and therefore it is something of a surprise to find her frequently demonstrating a more than common ignorance of all matters relating to the religion of Italy. Her friars she nearly always converts into monks, and perhaps for that reason invests them with the cowl which no friar wears. Most surprising of all, while we are made to receive the impression that she is very familiar with the Barnabites, she actually believes them to be a monastic order, frequently referring to them as monks, and again and again speaking of their "Abbot". This ignorance cannot but have one result detrimental to the book: it at once causes us to question the truth of the atmosphere of scandal and tittle tattle with which her clergy are invested. The very first essential to writing a good historical romance of Italy in any century is a close study of all things connected with the religion of the country, and especially of the religious orders. But apart from this defect there is much to praise in the "Valley of Decision": the book abounds in delightful and happily told episodes, and we single out for praise an admirable imitation of an unpublished fragment from Arthur Young's diary of his travels in Italy.

"Nicholas Holbrook." By Olive Birrell. London: Smith, Elder. 1902. 6s.

While "Nicholas Holbrook" can hardly be said to grip the reader, its writer possesses a very welcome gift of realising character. Her personages are not very interesting, but they are alive: unlike Mr. Stephen Phillips' puppets they have distinctive thoughts and phrases. Perhaps Miss Birrell is not very well advised in circling round grave social and economic questions which can hardly be settled offhand in a novel, but her problems are such as form part of the lives of many people, and are not dragged in by way of lending an air of thoughtfulness to an insipid story, as sometimes happens. Her hero, an irritatingly blameless youth with mild political ambitions, discovers that his family fortunes are founded on slum landlordism. A pretty cousin, belonging to a branch of the family that had stayed in the slums, brings home the facts to him. His regard for her is sentimental, her interest in him purely

missionary. She has the bad taste to prefer an eloquent socialist with a shady past and an idealistic turn of mind. The people are all a little odd, and there is little action in the story, but it is carefully written. With a wider outlook on life Miss Birrell should produce good work.

"In the Shadow of the Purple." By George Gilbert. London : John Long. 1902. 6s.

This "Royal Romance" is apparently the result of many years' labour and research in the chivalrous endeavour to establish the character of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and to prove the legality of her marriage to George IV. It is very long and very historical and rather dull. The writing is old-fashioned and amateurish, the plot scanty and ill-constructed; but there is a wealth of facts, and the information is of unimpeachable authenticity. But Mr. Gilbert might in his voluminous labours have spared some time to the correction of his French; "bien-amante" is one of his inventions, and when Céleste wishes to say that some one is mistaken, she exclaims, "Monsieur est absolument méprisé". There is a touch of unconscious humour in the suggestion that it is by design that the inscription nearest to Mrs. Fitzherbert's monument in the church, St. John the Baptist, Brighton, is "Sancte Georgi, ora pro nobis".

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"What should be the disposition of the matériel and personnel of the British Navy in time of peace, and how can the peace strength be most rapidly expanded to war strength?" Prize Essay. 1902.

"Maris Imperium, Salus Imperii." The essay to which this forms the text seems the effort of one taking an intelligent interest in naval matters but lacking opportunity to realise the practical difficulties of many of his own proposals. Many of the arguments are illogical; for instance, if war looms ahead, we cannot mobilise "beforehand without precipitating it". Why is this more disadvantageous to us than to anyone else and is war avoided by consulting foreign susceptibilities? The Boer war is in point. Again why of all the nations does the United States alone desire sea power for defensive purposes only? Later, we read that the sea is "really as much a part of the empire &c." If only the enemy and neutrals would take this view! but then—. Here we have confusion of ideas. The naval bases "must be strongly held", but later, if we hold the sea, "the coasts would not require fortifying except against raiders". That the defence of ports is a soldier's duty is a sound principle but we have no faith in arbitrary three-mile limits. Ports should be garrisoned by marines principally, their defence entrusted to marine generals; with intelligence officers, marine or naval, on their staff, the bases would then be secured from raiding with minimum of danger to our own ships. The arguments are stated to be based on the understanding that they deal with the Navy as it exists, but their propounder assumes a personnel forthcoming to fit his schemes. The utility of placing commerce protectors under a head in England involves the assumption that the cables have not been tampered with. But as much more of this essay is highly controversial, it must be summed up as an attempt to deal with acknowledged difficulties.

"Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War." By Edward T. Cook. New and revised edition. London : Arnold. 1902. 6s.

"With the Naval Brigade in Natal 1899-1900." By Lieutenant C. R. N. Burne, R.N. London : Arnold. 1902. 7s. 6d.

"From Quebec to Pretoria." By W. Hart-McHarg. Toronto : Briggs. 1902.

"The Call to Arms 1900-1901." By H. Seton Karr. London : Longmans. 1902. 5s. net.

"The Epistles of Atkins." By James Milne. London : Unwin. 1902. 6s.

In these five volumes we have almost a representative collection of war books. Mr. Edward T. Cook's "Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War" discusses the subject from the political side, and in its revised form brings the record of negotiations before and during hostilities practically down to date. In the process of revision Mr. Cook has taken occasion to answer some of the more important criticisms of the first edition, and has added many new references. Lieutenant Burne gives a pleasant and unpretentious account of ten months' service with General Buller in the operations for the relief of Ladysmith and subsequently in Northern Natal. Some parts of his chronicle are very small beer indeed. The fact that three war correspondents watched the firing from a certain

hill is hardly of vital moment. A much more interesting and important volume is Mr. W. Hart-McHarg's description of the work performed by the Royal Canadian Regiment which fought at Belmont and Paardeberg, and was with Lord Roberts in the advance on Bloemfontein and Pretoria. Mr. McHarg is not uncritical of certain things he witnessed, but he gives himself no superior airs and, as other colonials have done, concludes his moving narrative with a tribute to the good-fellowship which existed between the Canadians and all the regiments British and Colonial with whom they came in contact. Mr. Seton Karr's book is a record of the effective calling into existence at a time of national crisis of the Imperial Yeomanry, with especial reference to the Mounted Sharpshooters Corps. It was hoped at first to recruit 500 men for that corps, but all told no less than 1,700 were selected and despatched to the front out of more than three times that number of applicants. Mr. Seton Karr has much to say on the subject of the army rifle, concerning which he takes pains to inform us that he is something of an expert. Incidentally the book throws light on the appalling ignorance of the Boers. Mr. Seton Karr records an instance of an unhappy woman who killed her babe in order that it should not fall into the brutal hands of the British soldier. Mr. James Milne's volume is best described by his sub-title: "Being some of the lights on human nature in the ordeal of war, which illumine the letters of the common soldier, written from South Africa to his people at home, and so an answer to the question 'How does it feel to be in battle?'" The views of the rank and file on the war have received little publicity, and Mr. Milne's happy idea is to let the private speak for himself through his letters home. The pathos and the humour of war alternate in anecdotes throughout his pages. "The men are splendid"—how splendid Mr. Milne's volume amply illustrates.

"English Public Opinion after the Restoration." By G. B. Hertz. London : Unwin. 1902. 3s. 6d. net.

It is the chief aim of Mr. Hertz, who was an Arnold Essay Prizeman, to prove in this little volume that the typical Englishman of the half-century that followed the Restoration was by no means the decadent in trade or politics, which he is often depicted. There was certainly a rollicking, pleasure-seeking England in Charles II.'s time, but as Mr. Hertz shows there was a strong and well-informed public opinion on questions of foreign policy, and considerable public spirit. Bad or weak administration in the reign of Charles II. did not necessarily imply the decadence of the people any more than it did during the wretched premiership of Addington. Much writing about the King's ducks, spaniels, and about his mistresses who were "as bold with God Almighty as with any of his creatures", has blinded men to the fact that the period was one of great commercial expansion. It is possible that Macaulay's description of social England at this time, excellent though it is, has served somewhat to obscure the more serious side of the reign of Charles II.; and the same might be said of Pepys. Mr. Hertz claims that such events as the origin of New York and the foundation of the Hudson Bay Company were more typical of the day than the uglier and much more familiar scenes, such as Louise de Querouaille at Whitehall and the wretched Scroggs "hewing down Popery as Scanderbeg hewed the Turks".

#### SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE.

In the Scandinavian literature of the half-year the place of honour must undoubtedly be given to Selma Lagerlöf's "I Dalarne" ("In Dalecarlia") the first instalment of two consecutive stories to bear the joint title "Jerusalem". From the point of view followed in these columns, it has a dual importance; it is Swedish in motive, in spirit, and in treatment; it deals successfully with one of the great complex themes of human life. It has thus the clear-cut impressiveness, so highly prized by foreigners, of well-defined and well-depicted local life—in connexion with the intrinsic value of a really universal theme. This theme is revivalism, but revivalism as it takes hold of the Northern peasantry—slow to move, and impossible to arrest when set in motion—a sluggish people, full of fiery impulses ("en trög nation full af hetsigheter"), as Swedenborg's contemporary, Ehrensvärd—that wittiest of travelled observers—expressed it in a phrase, that has since stuck to the nation. The scene is laid in Dalecarlia, conservative picturesque Dalecarlia, where the sober landscape, so sombre in winter, so radiant in summer, so indescribably delicate and intangible in spring, is still enlivened by the bright tints of the peasant costume. Some fifty years ago, when the incidents narrated in Miss Lagerlöf's book may be supposed to have taken place, this costume was still worn in its old typical completeness, the outward and visible symbol of the conservative peasant life, as old as the hills and as unchanging. This life Miss Lagerlöf has portrayed with an objectivity, a firmness of grasp and a depth and patience of observation that one would hardly have expected from the author of "Gösta Berling's Saga". It has been more than usually interesting to follow the development of Miss Lagerlöf's

talent—perhaps one may say the growth of her genius. "Gösta Berling" immediately attracted attention when a few chapters of it were published cheaply, anonymously in the early eighties. The typical life of the old country gentry was then still an unworked mine, lying neglected in broad daylight. Miss Lagerlöf's rhapsodic and legendary treatment of these "Chronicles of a Countryside" struck the right note of romance, but in strange, uneven, enraptured way; inspired, terse, helpless, grand and dull by turns. It seemed less a book than an improvisation, an inspired "Drapa"; the death-song of a beautiful form of social life that was doomed to pass away. Least of all did one suspect that this curious faulty writer could ever develop into a conscious artist, or have anything of importance to

(Continued on page 676.)

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say, if ill-advised ambition should ever prompt her to grapple with themes outside the blue hills of Värmland or the silver lake that had inspired her. One pictured her—so we have been told—as a maiden lady, the quiet sister or cousin of a retired infantry captain, giving vent to a lifetime of dreams and brooding. In reality, she was young, and a teacher. The years following the publication of "Gösta Berling" were spent quietly in teaching and writing in flat, prosaic but bucolic Skåne. She then went abroad, met and made friends with another Swedish writer, Mrs. Sophie Elkan, and has since travelled systematically. The clear-cut lines and cool colouring and warm sunlight of Italy seem in her case once again to have exerted their influence for good over a Northern mind in dispelling mists and defining form—and the rhapsodist has become an artist. The first work that showed it "The Miracles of Anti-Christ" is a large, loose picture in episodes of Sicilian life and naive Sicilian mysticism. One wonders if a certain resemblance to the style and method of Giuseppe Verga, in such big canvases, one can hardly call them books, as "Mastro Don Gesualdo", is more than fortuitous; anyhow the picture of peasant life strikes one who knows Italy well, if not Sicily, as seen from within, not observed from without. She has a curiously mediæval mind, this Northern woman; observant and disingenuous, simple and complex, keenly visualising and curiously prolix.

The shorter stories from Swedish history, that followed "The Miracles", and the similarity of her work, in some respects, to that of Miss Fiona Macleod has been already mentioned in these columns. And now comes this real achievement—the adequate treatment, in a free epic form, of a motive borrowed from recent history. The movement, to which this book refers, has really taken place—in successive waves of revivalist movements, which her art has rolled together into one. The city of Jerusalem was the bourne of one of these outbursts of religious frenzy. Of this however very little is known beyond the mere fact that it took place, and took place presumably in the very valley that the writer describes. Of more importance is the emigration to the United States, led by the "prophet" Erik Jansen, who in 1843-6 induced the whole population of several Helsingland valleys to sell all they had and follow him—moneybags in hand—to the Land of Promise. It is futile to speculate whether or no the writer has studied the history of the movement, whether her episodes are taken from life. In any case it is all told in the most convincing way—quietly, humorously, pathetically, graphically. There are passages where the writer's grasp becomes uncertain; Charlotte Brontë would have made something more important of the figure of the Methodist preacher. No living writer has however given us better sketches of Northern peasant life in all its strange complexity. And most noticeable is the restraint, equalising their own, with which they have been drawn; the grand simplicity with which all these tragic conflicts are quietly put before us. The finest scene is perhaps the auction at Ingmarsgården, the old homestead of the Ingmarssons. We see the old place: the farmhouse painted red, the outhouses left grey. One by one the heirlooms are brought out in the yard and sold: the old silver, on which the house prides itself, the old stufis with their woven tulips, that have been accumulating for generations in the painted deal coffers. Young Ingmar meanwhile stands white and motionless with closed eyes in the sunlight, against the wall of the cow-house. An old peasant buys a silver tankard and places it at his feet with a simple touching speech. Ingmar does not stir. The homestead which ought to have been his, but has passed into the hands of his married sister is now being sold to strangers; a wealthy peasant offers it to him as his daughter's dowry, but he is engaged to "Schoolmaster's Gertrude". Finally he moves, goes into the house, says a few words to the peasant sitting round the table with the others, who immediately makes a bid that clinches the matter. This tragic note is not insisted on. Other scenes are told with inimitable humour; such as the description of the old peasant (on his way down to sign the deed of sale of his tiny farm in a forest clearing to the rapacious "Company") who cannot divorce his mind from his interest in all the spring farming he sees by the way, in spite of the admonitions of his son. One feels quite relieved when his courage fails him, at the last moment, and he lets his pen, with which he has already signed his two first names, make waste paper of the deed he was expected to sign. It will be interesting to see the translation, announced in a note to the book. The Swedish style is masterly, perfectly simple, without a hint of dialect or as much as a splash of local colour, yet absolutely "volkthümlich". It is all seen, felt and described as a thoughtful peasant with a storytelling gift might see, write and describe it.

Other books sent in for review or otherwise fallen into the reviewer's hands are not such as to call for lengthy notice in these columns, where the principle followed is that of drawing attention to works important in themselves or typically Scandinavian—besides that of supplying some much-needed information about the prominent leaders of the literary revival in Scandinavia. To be "dans le mouvement" one must be in the midst of this movement, or enabled to watch the eddies of

it from the safe shelter of libraries, such as London has no demand for.

In Norway Jonas Lie has put forth one notable book "När Jernteppet falder av Livets Komedie" ("When the Emergency Curtain Falls on the Comedy of Life"). All that Jonas Lie writes is doubly deserving of respect: respect for his serious and observant outlook on life, tempered by kindly humour, and respect for his passionate artistic devotion to the mere technique of his craft. This technique, however, has lately become a little too disjointed, impressionist, episodic. The Scandinavians seem to have a tendency to exaggerate this style into mannerism. In this case the comedy is played on the deck of a Transatlantic liner; the emergency curtain is a false scare of shipwreck through a report spread that there is a bomb hidden somewhere in the hold. All the characters are thus suddenly revealed in their true light. The book will not take rank among the author's masterpieces. That does not prevent it from being infinitely better than the majority of English novels, even famous novels.

A little Swedish story of interest presumably to hundreds, if not thousands, of English readers is the book by Mrs. Sophie Elkan, describing life at the famous Sloyd Seminary at Nääs. It is called "Drömmen om Osterlandet" ("The Dream about the Orient"), because the motive of the story is the meeting of a young Egyptian teacher, Said ben Ali, and a young romantic Swedish girl. They meet at Nääs, he has his eyes opened to the dignity of Western womanhood, partly through falling in love with her; she declines to listen to his half-Oriental declaration, but dreams of it afterwards and the part he offers of reformer. When, a year later, she goes to Egypt with some of her relatives, she is really in love with him. Then come the rather well-described incidents of their meeting again and the series of episodes that convince her that her dream had been futile.

Mr. Oscar Leverett's third volume of "Dikter" (Poems) must not be left without a mention, though it is almost impossible to give a notion of their quality at third hand: simple, intellectual, passionate and withal as clear as a bell in tone, and as melodious as only good Swedish and Italian poetry can be. If they were translateable, if poetry were ever read, if the interest in the life and thought of other lands were real, some of these exquisite utterances of one of the finest and keenest minds at present living ought to be made known in a translation.

For This Week's Books see page 678.

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Ore taken from Surface Dump .. . . . . nil.

10,012 "

Less waste sorted out (= 20.97 per cent.) .. . . . . 2,100 "

7,912 "

Balance sent to mill .. . . . . 7,912 tons.

Percentage of South Reef mined .. . . . . 42 per cent.

Main Reef Leader mined .. . . . . 50 "

MILL.—Stamps .. . . . . 55 days.

Running time .. . . . . 29.83 days.

Tons milled .. . . . . 7,912 tons.

Tons per stamp per day .. . . . . 4.82 "

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TOTAL YIELD.—Yi Id in fine gold from all sources .. . . . . 7,072 905 ozs.

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To Mining .. . . . . 5,407 16 11 . 0 13 8.039

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Milling .. . . . . 1,397 11 4 . 0 3 6.393

Cyaniding Sands .. . . . . 859 1 2 . 0 9 9.058

Slimes .. . . . . 535 14 8 . 0 1 4.250

Sundry Head Office Expenses .. . . . . 322 10 4 . 0 0 9.782

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Profit .. . . . . 9,706 19 9 . 1 4 6.445

20,113 11 7 . 2 10 30.121

£29,820 11 4 £3 15 4.666

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Mill Gold .. . . . . 19,304 19 3 . 2 8 9.590

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